

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1824

APRIL 20, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

AN Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

LECTURESHIP ON EDUCATION.

THE University Court of the University of Glasgow, will on June 6 next, or some subsequent date, proceed to appoint a Lecturer on Education.

The Appointment will be for five years from October 1, 1907, at an annual salary of £400. It will be a condition of appointment, that the Lecturer will not accept any other appointment except with the consent of the University Court.

Candidates should lodge 20 copies of their application and testimonials with the undersigned, on or before May 16 next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,
Secretary University Court.

University of Glasgow.

Lectures

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

Tuesday next, April 23, at Three o'clock, Professor WILLIAM STIRLING, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., First of Three Lectures on STIMULATION, LUMINOUS AND CHEMICAL. Half a Guinea the Course.

Thursday, April 25, at Three o'clock, A. W. VERRALL, Esq., Litt.D., First of Two Lectures on (1) EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE; (2) THE BACCHANTS OF EURIPIDES. Half a Guinea.

Appointments Vacant

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

FORTHCOMING EXAMINATION.

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May 15.

THE date specified is the latest at which applications can be received. They must be made on forms to be obtained, with particulars, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

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Art

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R. F. WEYMOUTH, M.A., D.Lit.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE *Times* still thunders on day by day against the publishers. It has conclusively proved to its own satisfaction that every publisher is a rogue and that every author who places his work in a publisher's hands is a fool. Does any one read these fulminations we wonder, and does the opinion of the *Times* on this subject carry weight in any quarter nowadays? Certainly the publishers continue to flourish, and although this fact may be held by Mr. Hooper and Mr. Jackson as a certain sign of their wickedness the general public are apt to judge differently. In the meantime the frantic appeals to members of the Book Club not to ask for certain books are almost pathetic. If Mr. Hooper is winning "all along the line" as he is alleged to have said, his idea of victory is indeed a strange one. Evidently there are others besides Englishmen who do not know when they are beaten.

No doubt the publishers would be very willing to come to terms with the *Times* if a reasonable compromise could be arranged. The Book Club people were, in the early days of the venture, excellent buyers, and it is an undoubted fact that many publishers would be very pleased again to secure their orders. But the chance of any movement in the direction of compromise coming from the publishers has been destroyed by the very harsh and unwarrantable things the *Times* has said of the whole publishing body and by the amount of humbug it has introduced into the controversy by pretending that the Book Club was acting primarily in the interests of the public. Moreover, the publishers can do without the Book Club, but it is certain that the Book Club cannot continue independently without the publishers. The subscribers will not for ever be content with the "American dry goods" that Mr. Hooper is bringing over by the shipload. We have good grounds for stating that both sides—in spite of vehement protests to the contrary—are heartily sick of the dispute. There is an excellent opportunity at the present time for a tactful arbitrator to step in and adjust the differences.

Meanwhile there is one point in the controversy on which a word should be said. We have heard a mighty lot about the difference between "serious" books and books that are, presumably, not "serious." The distinction seems to imply a very hazy or totally wrong notion of what literary art is. According to those who draw it, so far as we can understand their point, "serious" books may be divided into (i) biographies, (ii) critical essays, (iii) works on

political economy, (iv) works on theology. Books that are not "serious" comprise the rest—such unconsidered trifles, for instance, as poems, plays and novels.

The poet who can merely string a few words together into a stanza of beauty that will live for ever; the playwright and the novelist who merely put within the reach of every one in an attractive form their deepest thoughts on the life and problems of the day—these, of course, are unworthy of the honourable title of "serious." Are not the books of the poets very poor bulk for your money? Do not the novels and the plays sell by the thousand and bring their authors money enough for expensive houses, motor-cars and grand tours? If the poems were "serious," of course they would sell better. If the novels were "serious," they would never sell so well. The point is as plain as a pike-staff—to booksellers, reviewers and the managers of libraries.

It is only when a nobody sits down to write a life of a suburban district councillor, or a blundering fool that of a fine spirit beyond his comprehension that the work is really "serious." A volume of essays repeating old commonplaces about other people's books is, of course, much more "serious" a work than the original books were. And Shakespeare, poor popular playwright, is a thoughtless trifler compared with Mr. Sidney Lee. Thus the tradesmen of literature. To the artist Edward Lear's nonsense verses, and J.K.S.'s "Lapsus Calami" are more "serious" than all these lees and dregs of book-making.

The editor of a London weekly paper which devotes considerable space to the valuation of old books, recently received from one of his readers a very rare volume. This was none other than Byron's own copy of "Hours of Idleness," the subject of the famous *Edinburgh Review* condemnation. Sprinkled throughout the volume are numerous notes by the author, and if the book ever comes into the market it is sure to create considerable excitement among admirers of the poet. It is generally supposed that "Hours of Idleness" was Byron's first appearance in print, but there are two copies in existence of a tiny volume of verses, addressed to his cousin, Miss Margaret Parker. The author was then a schoolboy at Dr. Glennie's establishment at Dulwich, his preparatory school for Harrow. The first copy was presented by the boy to the Rev. John Becher, who remonstrated with him on his "luxuriousness of colouring," and in his disappointment Byron ordered the whole stock to be destroyed. As mentioned, however, two copies escaped.

Every one knows the story of the Ascoli cope, that unique piece of *opus anglicanum* which was described by Miss May Morris in the *Burlington Magazine*, when exhibited for a short time in London. It was stolen from an Italian church and sold to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who very generously returned it to the Italian Government; to whom, we may say, it had never belonged. It has now been placed in the Museum of the Orsini Palace in Rome and we learn with consternation, that Signor Reva, in officially thanking Mr. Pierpont Morgan, has announced the intention of the Italian Government to have embroidered upon it the name of the American millionaire in recognition of his kindly act. The precedent is a very dangerous one. Is it possible to conceive Mr. Wertheimer inscribing on his Gainsborough and Reynolds (when they are happily returned to him) the name of the detective who brings them back in triumph? It is almost a pity that the cope which has such an interest for Englishmen as a rare example of English mediæval art could not be exchanged for some superfluous Italian picture on which might be inscribed the names of all the connoisseurs and all the dealers who have sold pictures to Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to quotations should at once be founded. There are at the present time a multitude of excellent quotations that are being abominably ill-treated all over the country. The poets are the worst sufferers. Considering how poor an opinion the average man entertains of poetry it is surprising to what practical uses he manages to turn it. A tag from a poet however *mal apropos* is regarded as clinching an irrefutable argument. How many follies have found refuge under the quotation:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Another much-abused quotation is the couplet from Burns on seeing ourselves as others see us. It is thrown in the teeth of the man who commits what the world considers—and how often wrongly considers?—a folly. It is hurled at the man who ventures to assert himself, to obtrude an unwelcome idea or unpalatable opinion on a pig-headed world. It is the rebuke of Ignorance to something it cannot comprehend. A further point against the use of indiscriminate quotation is that people are very seldom accurate. We have all suffered from the dreadful people who will quote—and quote wrongly. The apt quotation properly given is of course delightful. Our society will not aim at prevention of quotation, but will inflict severe penalties on malefactors who misquote or distort to their own base uses the words of wiser men.

Flora Annie Steel, who has recently sworn allegiance to the cause of the "Suffragettes," is a writer of considerable distinction. It is now twenty years since she published her first book, "Wideawake Stories." She has done almost as much as Rudyard Kipling to familiarise English readers with life in India, and her pictures of Hindu and Mohammedan life are particularly vivid. Mrs. Steel is an authority on education and for some years held the post of Provincial Inspector of Government Schools in the Punjab and was also a member of the Education Committee of that province.

McGill University, which has recently suffered so greatly from fire, has extended the scope of the University Magazine. The magazine has now become a literary and critical review and is under the direction of McGill, Queen's and Toronto Universities. Dr. McPhail, of McGill University, is the editor and his aim is to make it an organ for the expression of the best Canadian thought, academic and otherwise. At a dinner of the Society of Canadian Authors, Dr. McPhail stated that the University Magazine aimed at getting the best matter from the best men and would pay as good prices for contributions as could be obtained anywhere in the world.

We regret to record the death of Mr. James Clarke Hook, R.A. This eminent painter was born as far back as 1819, and his death adds another to the long list of painters who have lived to an advanced age. From the age of fourteen Mr. Hook has devoted himself to his art with ever increasing success. He received his first help from no less a painter than Constable himself, and also from John Jackson, another Academician. He was soon accepted as a probationer at the Royal Academy and his merits were further recognised by the Society of Arts while he was still a child. At this period his work was also much appreciated in Ireland where among other portraits he painted that of the celebrated Marquis of Waterford.

About the year 1853 Mr. Hook developed the talent for landscape painting which has rendered him famous. Having won the gold medal of the Royal Academy and a travelling studentship, he was able to spend three years

in Italy. The results of his studies there were the pictures *Bassanio commenting on the Caskets* and *Otto IV. at Florence*, hung in the Academy in 1848 and the following year. These and other pictures, for which studies were made in Italy, secured Mr. Hook's election to the Royal Academy as an Associate. Since this event he devoted himself mainly, though by no means exclusively, to English landscape, and especially to marine painting. Abinger, amid the hills of Surrey, Clovelly, Whitley and Lundy Island were among the scenes of his labours. In 1859 his celebrated picture *Luff Boy!* was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and in 1861 he was unanimously elected an Academician. Later Mr. Hook painted much in the neighbourhood of Churt near Farnham, and visited Cornwall and the Scilly Isles during the summer. He also painted in Brittany, the Netherlands and in Norway.

The effort which is being made to preserve from the devastation of the speculative builder that beautiful piece of Old Chelsea, The Vale, deserves the support of every one who cares either for old houses or the associations which hang round them. The Vale is now all that remains of the forty acres which were enclosed by Lord Warton at the end of the seventeenth century and called "The Park." This was gradually encroached upon. Of four taverns built at the corners, three, "The Goat and Boots," "The Man in the Moon" and "The Queen Elm" still remain. We have pleasure in drawing attention to this effort at the request of Mr. Randall Davies, though we have little hopes that the vandalism will be prevented. Similar protests were unavailing to protect Paradise Row from the greed of ground landlords and building contractors; and it required the united efforts of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians to save Apothecaries Garden from the same fate.

Renan, like St. Eloi, "is not dead" so long as his son-in-law, Professor Psichari, can speak as he did on St. Patrick's Day, and write as he does in the current *Revue Bleue* on Greece and Byron. "Come hither now and weep o'er Byron's corse" is the Romaic of Solomos. Modern Greek, of course, since J. S. Blackie, is ill-received: "Neogræca sunt; non leguntur." Passow's "Popular Songs of Hellas" are little or not known. And yet, as the Professor hints archly, there is a gulf fixed between Sophocles' "Electra," 487, and Molière's "Nicole," "apportez moi mes pantoufles." Even modern Greek, barbarous and corrupt, may be a buffer between such extremes. The poet of "The Maid of Athens" links us to the tiny country now for the first time visited by the sovereign of a first-class Power. Solomos, who wept for Byron, was no Romanticist; indeed, he brought down to everyday comprehension the loftiest thoughts. He, like "Childe Harold," had a Mrs. Black, who did not marry another, but poisoned herself. Professor Psichari cannot forget his King Charles's head—the ill of pure, and the good of impure, Romaic. But he tells a good anecdote of Solomos. Accustomed to read his Greek verse to friends, and to find little sympathetic echo, he one night read Italian poetry, in which he was a master. "What verdict?" cried he. Icy silence. "And yet they are Petrarch's sonnets," said Solomos.

The movement to secure for the nation Mr. Holman Hunt's picture *The Lady of Shalott* has failed, partly because of the difficulty of raising the considerable sum demanded, and partly because of the discussion roused by Mr. Hunt's admission that parts of the picture had been carried out by Mr. E. R. Hughes. Happily, however, the movement has not been unfruitful, for the subscribers to the fund for the purchase of this work empowered the committee to buy the smaller and less expensive picture *The Ship*, which has been accepted by the Trustees for the National Gallery of British Art.

This picture, the first to represent the painter in our national collections, was painted in 1875. If not one of the painter's most important works, it is a very pleasant example of his art, and in one detail at least thoroughly characteristic, for although but one quarter of the moon is illuminated, with true Pre-Raphaelite precision the remainder of the disc has been carefully blacked in against the sky.

It is interesting to note the development of the "signed article" at the expense of the "interview." Editors with a partiality for large audiences appear to have realised that the "interview" is obsolete, and accordingly they have invented the "signed article." The innovation is familiar to most readers, for what journal is there which has not come out at one time or another with an article by Mr. So-and-so telling you "How to Succeed" or "How I Make Two Hundred Pounds a Week." The process by which these odd contributions to journalism are obtained is simple to the point of primitiveness. A "smart" journalist talks for a few minutes with the head of a large firm, or any well-known man, and then goes home to write up half a column in the first person singular. Later he takes it round to the interviewed, who signs it, very often gladly and seldom reluctantly. There is one journalist known to the writer who specialises in this kind of work and makes nearly four hundred pounds a year out of it: But like most things it is being overdone, and certain celebrities are beginning to realise the newspaper value of their names.

Labour M.P.s in the first flush of their success at the polls last year were very chary of giving anything for nothing, and the majority absolutely declined to sign articles unless paid a substantial fee. One reply from a militant member was written in an ignorant hand and misspelt, although a prominent monthly review contained an extremely learned article on socialism from the same pen! A certain well-known reformer has a tariff. For signing an article in a paper of repute he asks twenty-five pounds, but the obscure weeklies are accommodated with the lower terms of ten pounds. The fees, he explains, go to charities in his "native town," and as he resolutely declines to be interviewed for nothing it is evident, judging by the number of times he appears in print, that he is making a large sum annually for his charities. The standard case of the "signed article" forms one of the best stories told of the late J. L. Toole. He put his name to an article on "the philosophy of acting," or some such high-sounding title, in an issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. Toole glanced at the proof-sheets in a hurry, and consequently did not really see his article until the review was published. When it did appear the contribution was, of course, the one topic of conversation at the Garrick, but even the learned members of the club could not quite fathom the meaning of several jaw-breaking sentences of quite inordinate length, and accordingly "Johnny" was asked to explain his Greek phrases and Latin references.

Exception has been taken to some remarks made by our art critic in an article on the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Bruton Galleries, in which he referred to "the works of Captain This, Colonel That, and Major-General Boom-Push." The words have been construed into a reflection on Major-General Baden-Powell. We can assure our readers that no such insinuation was intended. The words were used simply as a sort of English paraphrase of the well-known French expression *Le Général Boum-Boum*, which is the stock French phrase for an imaginary general.

Pif! paf! pouf!
Et tara-tara boum,
Je suis moi le général
Boum-Boum-Boum.

Nothing could have been further from our thoughts than any desire to reflect on the gallant defender of Mafeking.

FEAR

WHEN the summer twilight closes
O'er the river, round the roses;
When the panes that glowed,
Darken, each a burnt-out ember;
This our sinking hearts remember,
And forebode:

Some wild autumn sunset burning;
O'er the wanderer returning,
Eager-eyed—to find
Only faded roses, only
Vacant windows, and the lonely
Moaning wind,

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

LITERATURE

THE LONDON POLICE COURT

The London Police-court, To-day and To-morrow. By H. R. P. GAMON. (Dent, 3s. 6d.)

FROM this volume it appears that Mr. Hugh R. P. Gamon has been exploring what to many is an unknown and undiscovered country, namely the London Police-Courts. Those who have paid visits to them do not as a rule carry away very fragrant memories. Our author says a respectable citizen will protest because he is summoned to such a disreputable place about the licence for his dog, and it is little short of a scandal that many who are guilty of only the lightest offence are compelled to face the ordeal of a visit to it. Yet cases that are not essentially criminal have to be tried there, and those who may have been previously innocent of any knowledge of the squalid offences which are brought up before the magistrate, are compelled to listen to evidence often unfit for publication in the newspapers, and to sit beside the very off-scourings of humanity on whose minds these courts exercise a curious fascination. We have known of an individual, who, having through no fault of his own been compelled to appear at the police-court, could not bear to come within a mile of the building ever after. Yet he had no complaint to make of any lack of justice or of courtesy; on the contrary, the presiding magistrate he described as having been most kind, and even the lawyers who were opposed to him were as polite as if they had met him in a private house. But what he remembered with loathing was the trial of some very objectionable persons that had to be concluded before his case came on and the generally squalid and unlovely air of the police-court. Mr. Gamon seems to have been asked to make an investigation of the subject by the authorities at Toynbee Hall. What the ultimate object was we do not quite know. Canon Barnett in his introduction says:

The Toynbee Trustees have thought the subject fitting for an essay which, written by a man familiar with the majority, will be mostly read by members of the minority. The Trustees, by the terms of the Trust, may apply sums of money for publications intended or calculated to promote the main object of the Trust, which is the investigation and diffusion of true principles of political and social economy.

So they gave the author what he called his letters of "marque" and he proceeded in a very methodical way to get up the subject of London Police-Courts. He begins with the useful and necessary policeman. *Esprit de corps*

he thinks is carried rather too far among the guardians of the peace. The police shield each other against their superior officers and against the public. If one of them gets into trouble the others do what they can to extricate him. I have been told of the case of a woman who on taking out a summons against a police-constable received a visit from his comrades and was offered two pounds as an inducement not to proceed. And it is to be feared that the pressure of their own public opinion upon them does at times crush the truth. It is not so long since three or four constables in Worcestershire were found to have perjured themselves in endeavouring to exculpate an inspector. Nor is this the only criticism. Mr. Gamon hints in no doubtful manner that the "comely Jewess of Whitechapel" is not the best account to give of them. It is stated plainly that the policeman is prone to the vice of "single men in barracks," for many of the police are unmarried. I have been told by one qualified to speak that many cases of rescue work that have come under her notice have been traced to the police. The life is calculated to make them peculiarly vulnerable, with its lack of interest and elevating influence. As they grow robust in person, they are inclined to suffer from what Stevenson has called "a fatty degeneration of the moral being," yet on the other hand the general honesty and courtesy of the men do not pass unacknowledged. Mr. Gamon himself does not believe in what he calls the police-court stain. It is, he thinks, a mere bogey. But on this point he will not find many to agree with him. He pays a well-merited compliment to the magistrate. There is nothing in the magistrate's commission which obliges him to do more than grant a police-court remedy; it has, however, become the custom in the London courts to dispense general advice. As Mr. Holmes has already pointed out, he is the regular "Poor Man's Lawyer." He gives legal and moral advice gratis, so far as his time permits; he will advise one to go to the county court and tell him where it is; another to go home and make it up, another to apply to the police-court missionary for help. Not infrequently he will promise to send a police-officer to talk to the him or her who is causing the trouble; or point out that there is no remedy at law for the case stated. And some magistrates get known as peculiarly kindly and suggestive to applicants, so that the application time from Thursday to Saturday may be much fuller than the application time from Monday to Wednesday, when a less compliant colleague is sitting, for a magistrate's personality is widely recognised in his district. If Mr. Gamon had been in search of amusement he could have found some interesting copy by showing the many devices by which the young man busily engaged in sowing his wild oats has learnt to touch publicity. It is a matter of life and death to him, for he knows well that should his name appear in the papers as that of an offender brought up at the police-courts the consequences on his future career will be serious. Indeed the punishment in these cases very often exceeds the offence. The young man who has taken an extra glass of champagne at his dinner and has lost his head, for the very reason that he is generally temperate and therefore unaccustomed to the stimulant, meets with very hard lines when pilloried in the press. We have known the case of an excellent sea officer, a very martinet on duty and one known for his uprightness and high principle, who through the vagaries following a banquet found himself at Vine Street with a very serious barrier to his further promotion. Yet the only charge that could be brought against him was that he had become bellicose in the defence of a companion. An incident such as this leads one to think that the publicity of our Law Courts is not an unmixed blessing.

One of the most interesting suggestions made by the author is contained in the following paragraph:

The prospect of having a special magistrate for children gives its chief value to a central children's court in the eyes of those who desire it. But it is hard to see how such a special magistrate is

necessary. America has hardly any specialists. The children's court there is often placed under some particular judge of the Supreme State Court, who has ordinarily the functions of a Chancery judge. But the police-court judge in America, owing to the spoils system, is, it would seem, a lower type of man than our ordinary justices.

He is evidently in favour of a drastic reform in the appointment of magistrates:

And the Law must look at her administrators. Throughout England and Wales the lowest branches of criminal jurisdiction are largely in the hands of lay magistrates, who need possess no legal qualification for their post. A lawyer, acting as their clerk, measures them out their law, and they, sitting two or three together, deal out sentences like yards of cloth. Such a court has neither personality nor policy; the division of duties between the clerk and his magistrates makes the court peculiarly irresponsible in the exercise of its functions. If the Law is zealous of its reputation, it should reconsider these courts. They are out of harmony with modern requirements. There seems to be no good reason why the Law should not have skilled judges for minor criminal cases as for minor civil cases. But help is at hand. There is a tendency to-day to claim elevation to the magistracy as part of the spoils of a political election. If the tendency becomes acute the fate of the lay magistracy is sealed. The judicial bench must be above suspicion.

The book, in spite of any small faults we have pointed out, is interesting and valuable.

HELLENIC POLYTHEISM

The Cults of the Greek States. By LEWIS RICHARD FARNELL, D.Litt. 5 vols. Vols. iii., iv. (Clarendon Press, 32s. net.)

OF Dr. Farnell's great work two volumes have already appeared, and have placed beyond all doubt his signal fitness for the great task on which he says in the Preface to vol. iii. that many years ago he too lightly embarked. But if he embarked lightly on his task, he also bears lightly the heavy load of learning which it has imposed upon him. The two volumes now issued run to nearly a thousand pages. They deal with the worship of Ge, Demeter and Kore-Persephone, Hades-Pluto, the Mother of the Gods and Rhea-Cybele, Poseidon, Apollo. Another volume is to follow on the worship of Hermes and Dionysus and on the minor cults. Even then the wide subject of hero-worship will have to be reserved for a separate work.

There are not half a dozen men in Great Britain who could really do justice to this work, and I am certainly not one of them. It would require a professed expert in epigraphy, inscriptions, numismatics, and archæology in general to pronounce with any authority a judgment on the various conclusions at which Dr. Farnell has arrived. Mine must be the humbler task of putting forward certain isolated observations which may interest scholars and lovers of learning, and, keeping clear of generalisations, except in so far as one may say that the work broadly aims at reforming the anthropological method in its application to the problems of comparative religion (without at all depreciating its value for the student of Hellenism); deprecating its application except after mature consideration to the various phenomena of cult, and insisting on its subordination to special knowledge and the study of facts. The material for the work is very large and yearly growing.

The great discoveries in Crete [writes Dr. Farnell] have thrown new light on certain questions that arise in the study of classical polytheism. Every year also enriches the record with new material, from newly discovered inscriptions and other monuments.

In dealing with the cult of Ge, Dr. Farnell observes:

What is often for us mere metaphor, or at most a semi-conscious instinctive pulsation, was, for the period of Homer and before him and for many centuries after him, a clearly discerned and vital idea around which grew a living religion.

Homer regards Earth as animate and divine, and Medea makes Aegeus swear by her. Nature is still "apparelled in

celestial light" for Wordsworth, and her worship resolves itself for Tennyson into

Some vague emotion of delight,
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning towards the lamps of night.

But Ge is a real personality in Greek religion, and generally associated with Zeus and Helios for the ratification of a treaty or the cementing of an alliance, but more specially with Hades and Persephone in her character of the avenger of the broken oath. It is these two last deities on whom Althæa in the terrible passage in the ninth book of the Iliad calls for vengeance on her own son. But at the same time she went down on her knees and "ever and anon she smote boon Earth with her hands, while her bosom was wet with her tears." Contact was a great matter in the Ge-cult.

Demeter was more than a mere corn-goddess; she presided over childbirth not necessarily the fruit of marriage. The name is probably connected with the Cretian *δηαί* "barley," an affine of *ζέα* and *ζειά*. Her search for the lost daughter

enthralled the Hellenic imagination and inspired some of the noblest forms of art; and it appeals to the modern spirit with its unique motives of tenderness and pathos, with the very human type of the loving and bereaved mother.

Dr. Farnell rejects the explanations of Demeter Thesmophoros which refer the word to the ordinances of the state or of human marriage, and prefers that of an unknown scholiast of Lucian—that she was called Thesmophoros because she taught primitive man the rules (*θεσμοί*) of agriculture. The pages on the Eleusinian mysteries (iii. pp. 126-198) are very interesting:

The Eleusinian mysteries were the paramount fact of the Attic state-religion, and their administration the most complex function of the Attic state-church. As compared with any other growth of Hellenic polytheism, they exercised the strongest and widest influence on the Hellenic world; they retained a certain life and power after the Delphic oracle had expired; they conducted the forlorn hope of Graeco-Roman paganism against the new religion, to which they may have bequeathed more than one significant word and conception.

The chapter that comes next in interest in volume iii. is that on the Great Mother of the Gods and Rhea Cybele. His conclusion is that the Great Mother was not Ge nor Demeter nor a nameless divinity, but probably in the earliest times the Cretan goddess Rhea, whose cult was subsequently separated from that of the Great Mother. Dr. Farnell thinks the imputing to Greek paganism of the conception of a virgin-mother is doubtful, though he allows that miraculous conception and partheno-genesis find their way into the mythologies of savage as well as more advanced races. Adgestis is begotten without a mother and Attis is born of a virgin:

All that we may venture to assert is that, when this idea was propagated as a theological dogma by Christianity, it might not appear wholly alien to the various stocks of Asia Minor who had been nursed in the older religion.

The fourth volume is devoted to the cults of Poseidon and Apollo. In the worship of the former Dr. Farnell finds none of the higher morality and little connection with the arts or intellectual life, but discerns traces of human sacrifice. Apollo is a typically Hellenic deity. The origin of the name is obscure; but Apollo is certainly an Aryan god. The supposed connection with *ἀπᾶλλα*, a Doric term for "assembly," is not probable, for the aboriginal Apollo is connected in legends with wild beasts rather than civilised institutions and the arts of peace. Apollo Lyceus is not to be connected, according to Dr. Farnell, either with the country Lycia or with the root *λυκ* found in *ἀμφιλύκη* "morning-twilight" and *λυκάβας* "year"; but with *λύκος* "wolf." The wolf pervades the legend and ritual of *Ἀπόλλων Λύκειος*. Wolves led Leto in travail to Delos, herself in the form of a she-wolf. Apollo sends wolves to guard his child in Crete, and the question whether Apollo or Poseidon is to be worshipped

as chief deity by the Argives is decided by a fight between a wolf and a bull. The curious result is that the building in Athens originally sacred to Apollo Lyceus was chosen for the school of Aristotle in the fourth century before Christ, and still survives as the name (Lycée) of schools in France, which have certainly no conscious connection with wolves. The title *Κάρνιος* is probably derived from an old word, *κάρνος*, meaning horned cattle and connected with *κέρας*. The ram, the goat, and the boar are sacrificed to him in this capacity. Dr. Farnell maintains the traditional explanation of Apollo Smintheus as coming from *σμήθος*, meaning "mouse" in the Cretan and Aeolic dialect. Apollo is bearded in the earliest Apolline monument which has come down to us, a Melian amphora; but this soon gave way to the type of a beautiful youth, now familiar to us. The plates are very numerous and interesting—above eighty in the two volumes—and there are nearly as many coins. The references to classical authors are not put in foot-notes, but are massed together in the form of an appendix to which reference is made in the text.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

A VINDICATION OF FALKLAND

The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. By J. A. R. MARRIOTT. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this volume Mr. Marriott aims at no less a task than the reversal of the general verdict of History on the character of Lucius Cary, Second Viscount Falkland. Written primarily for "the general reader" to whose verdict he would appeal, the author has approached his task in a spirit of genuine piety. He is not in the least ashamed to exhibit his enthusiasm, and he champions the cause of his hero hotly, both against those who like Aubrey have actively disparaged him and those who like Macaulay, Carlyle and Gardiner have damned him with faint praise. In the opinion of Horace Walpole Falkland was a weak man and "had much debility of mind," and this judgment seems to have struck the note of historical criticism for several generations. There have, of course, been certain noteworthy exceptions. Of the extraordinary impression which Falkland's character and abilities had made upon the more intellectual men of his time there are ample witnesses. Clarendon's splendid eulogy, owing to some extravagances of language, was certain to suggest detraction and it was not until over two centuries after Falkland had fallen on Newbury field that the monument erected to him in 1878 inspired Matthew Arnold to write his magnificent panegyric. Previous to this Lord Lytton and Dr. Tulloch had stood as practically the only writers of distinction in the nineteenth century to pay unqualified tribute to his memory.

Apart from a natural tendency in historians to follow along certain conventional lines of judgment, it is not surprising that Lucius Cary should have received scant justice at the hands of posterity. Born during a transition period in Church and State, Falkland was thrust at an early age into the noise and battle of politics. During the thirty-three brief years of his life he was destined to play a conspicuous part in the stormy events of the period. Thrown among the hot partisans whose opinions were to them matters of life and death, he remained one of the few men who throughout periods of greatest violence was able to preserve a philosophic detachment in his views and judgments. He had a singularly well-balanced mind, and at a time when men were almost colour-blind could discern other shades than crude black or white. There can be no greater curse for a politician aiming at success than the ability to see two sides to a question. Falkland was not of the stuff of which revolutionaries are made. He had too much of sweet reasonableness, too much integrity of purpose. In the rough-and-ready judgments of history greater attention will always be commanded by the characters who readily

catch the eye by their breadth of colour. His contemporaries, Stafford, Pym, Laud, Cromwell, Charles Stuart himself—these at once make their appeal to the eye and to the imagination. They stand for certain definite principles, easily understood, readily recognised.

At a period when men's prejudices blinded them to any virtues that might exist in their opponents, Falkland stood almost alone as the advocate of compromise, the upholder of a *via media*. Entering the House of Commons like many other men of distinction for the first time in 1640, he sat as member for Newport during the brief session of the Short Parliament, and was afterwards returned by the same constituency to take his part in the stormy doings of the "Long" Parliament. Although greatly impressed by Pym, whose theory of government he mainly adopted, Falkland stood out almost alone against the unseemly haste exhibited in the trial of Strafford. It is not too much to say that Falkland alone secured for Strafford, for whose policy he had no love, a semblance of fair trial. It was owing to his efforts that Strafford was allowed time to prepare his defence, and although he supported with vote and voice the motion for the third reading of the Bill of Attainder his attitude at such a time redounds to his credit. Characteristic of the man too was his plea that the children of Strafford, whom he regarded as traitor, should not be involved in the penalties of their father's crime: "Seeing Lord Strafford's children proceeded as well from his innocent wife as his own guilty person, 'tis better they should be spared in their estate for the innocents' sake than punished for the guilty." In this action, as in many others, Falkland showed himself a man whose ideas of right and justice were in advance of his time. He was, in fact, in Mr. Marriott's words, "born too early. Strafford was born too late. Falkland was a moderate constitutionalist pitched into the seething sea of revolution: Strafford was a Vulcan well fitted by a policy of blood and iron to weld into one great whole the disjointed members of an incipient Empire."

That Falkland could exhibit fire and enthusiasm when his convictions were in question is proved by his great speeches against Finch in regard to ship-money, which resulted in the impeachment of the Lord Keeper. Mr. Marriott gives the speeches verbatim, and they amply support his view of the character of Falkland. Up to the passing of the Grand Remonstrance Falkland acted with the party of progress, although always with conspicuous moderation. His belief in Conservative reform which had led him to oppose Strafford, his attachment to the idea of a national and comprehensive Church which accounted for his opposition to Laud, led him at last to disown Pym when he found him appealing to the people against the Crown. This breaking away from his former leader has been held against Falkland as an act of apostasy. Owing to it he has been branded a turncoat, an inconstant waverer, a dreamer unfitted for affairs. And yet it would seem that all the events in Falkland's life tend to show his consistency on this point. He never wavered either in personal loyalty to his sovereign or in devotion to the idea of a constitutional monarchy. When at the last war was inevitable it was on the side of his king that Falkland took up arms.

There can be no doubt that the declaration of a war which he so much deprecated found Falkland a broken-hearted man. He had seen all his hopes and ideals of compromise ruthlessly shattered. Alienated from the party with which he had so many sympathies he gave his life in the end for the side of reaction. History has shown the soundness of his judgment. The compromises he so earnestly desired have come to pass. The cause of the people to which he devoted his life has been successfully amalgamated with the cause of monarchy for which he died. Falkland was a prophet. "His one fault," writes Mr. Marriott, "was that his soul was too large and his vision too clear for the pettinesses and bigotries by which he was surrounded."

Mr. Marriott clears his memory from the charge, oft repeated, that Falkland by his recklessness intentionally compassed his own death on Newbury field. The suicide charge rests mainly on the fact of Falkland calling for clean linen on the day of the battle. Carlyle has a contemptuous reference to it. Under the head of "First Newbury Battle" he writes "Poor Lord Falkland in his clean shirt was killed here." There can be little doubt that there was a natural disposition on the part of Falkland to show that his aversion from war did not arise from personal cowardice, and he was ever in the forefront of danger. But to suppose that he voluntarily rushed upon death in the way imputed to him by his detractors, is inconsistent with what is known of his general character and his deep religious opinions. For, however biographers and historians have differed as to his political career, his personal character has never been called into question. He was, in fact, a man of singular integrity of heart and conduct, who lived an unblemished life in the midst of corruption. Of serious bent, his tastes lay in the direction of philosophy and literature rather than of politics. He was the friend and intimate of distinguished men of letters, and although his poetry, of which several specimens are given in this volume, does not entitle him to any very exalted place among the minor poets, he was at all times a patron of literature. His life at Great Tew, as described by Clarendon, is one of the idylls of English prose. Mr. Marriott has done a real service in conveying to us in a volume of absorbing human interest so much of the vital charm and personality of the man. He has managed in masterly fashion to disentangle the real points at issue. He has given us an estimate of Falkland's character that bears the impress of truth. Henceforth no one can lightly sum up the man in a phrase as "weak" or "vacillating" without having to reckon with Mr. Marriott's vindication.

THE ART OF LIVING

Dutch and Flemish Furniture. By ESTHER SINGLETON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 42s. net.)

THE story of domestic life and its material adjuncts in the Low Countries, with which this book deals ably and amply, has a strong dramatic flavour. It opens with the splendour of the Burgundian Court, where art and luxury first burst the fetters of stern mediævalism and where peace and plenty reigned at a time when the lands around were in the grip of battle or of civil war. It next plunges into the dark history of the religious wars and the emergence of a burgher state of staid habit and prudent outlay, though fully esteeming the domicile and eager for its comfort and adornment. Between the scheme of Life of Duke Philip the Good and his nobles and that of the seventeenth-century Dutchman a great gulf is fixed, and Mrs. Singleton in her detailed and exhaustive work gives us ample material to realise the difference:

The reigning dukes were powerful protectors of the arts. Their immense resources, drawn from the Flemish hives of industry, enabled them to indulge their taste for architecture, painting, sculpture, illuminated books, tapestry, goldsmiths' work and sumptuous furniture. They were the insatiable collectors of everything that was curious and rare. Any able artist, sculptor, architect, goldsmith or image-maker, driven from home by the perpetual civil wars in England, France and Italy was sure of a refuge and employment at the Court of Burgundy. Thus for a century and a half the Low Countries were the most important art centre of Europe. Dijon and Brussels, the capitals of the Burgundian dominions, were Meccas of Mediæval Art; and Tournay, Bruges, Ypres, Ghent, Dinant and many other industrial centres swarmed with craftsmen who produced all that was luxurious and beautiful for domestic comfort and decoration (p. 32).

The Burgundian dukes in the fifteenth century excelled the kings, their cousins and neighbours, in the richness of their furnishings and the splendour of their entertainments. Their complete "chambers" of tapestries could be reckoned by the dozen, their Arras "Stories" by the hundred, and were in charge of a special official. These costly and

desirable hangings played a part in diplomacy, and the gift of them cemented alliances:

Philip the Bold sent several pieces to Richard II. and superb sets to the Dukes of Lancaster and York. John the Fearless gave the Earl of Pembroke, Ambassador of Henry IV., three handsome pieces, and the Earl of Warwick, Ambassador of Henry V., "a rich hanging covered with various figures and numerous birds" (p. 57).

The five-shelf dresser—that adjunct of royalty—was wholly insufficient to display their plate on gala occasions, and Chastelain describes how "the Duke had made in the great hall a dresser constructed in the form of a round castle, ten steps in height, filled with gold plate in pots and flagons of various kinds." At the marriage festivities of Charles the Rash (why will Mrs. Singleton dub him the "Bold" which is his great-grandfather's attribute?) with Margaret of York:

the hall was lighted by chandeliers in the form of castles surrounded by forests and mountains, with revolving paths on which serpents, dragons and other monstrous animals seemed to roam in search of prey, spouting forth jets of flame that were reflected in huge mirrors, so arranged as to catch and multiply the rays. The dishes containing the principal meats represented vessels seven feet long completely rigged, the masts and cordage gilt, the sails and streamers silk, each floating in a silver lake between shores of verdure and enamelled rocks, and attended by a fleet of boats laden with lemons, olives and condiments (p. 41).

The Savoy Hotel can hardly surpass this on behalf of the most reckless American millionaire of the day.

Even when the ducal line merged into the House of Hapsburg, and Brussels was but the seat of the viceroyalty, Flanders retained much of the old exuberance of art and decoration now exhibited in Renaissance garb; but the rich amenities of life were no longer confined to prince and count, but were enjoyed to the full by successful business men. Antwerp was, during most of the sixteenth century, the greatest mart of Northern Europe, and the *Musée Plantin* survives to show us how splendidly one of its leading citizens was housed.

But the dark hour for the Low Countries was at hand, and after fifty years of persecution, carnage, and fighting it was the Northern or Dutch provinces that began to lead in art and wealth. The Dutchman traded with the world, whence he could draw every kind of product, artistic or utilitarian, and he also had the money and the will to foster home arts and industries; and so his house became in the seventeenth century a storehouse of infinitely varied and valuable furnishings. But all this was not, as in the halcyon days of his late rulers, for gorgeous parade and spendthrift squandering. It was for his quiet enjoyment and careful usage. It was his duty to purchase and collect, but his wife's to preserve and maintain the household goods.

He could not easily squander money for pleasures or recreation, but for the "home" he would spend lavishly. A handsome piece of furniture or silver, beautiful porcelain, rare tulips, rich curtains and rugs, valuable paintings, fine glass and *curios* from the Far East would incline the opulent Dutchman to part with large sums (p. 182).

The native poet makes the rich merchant say:

My home is my ornament, my house my best costume
Therefore my treasury and my coffer are open
And what my house needs I hasten to buy;

while the alderman's daughter declares:

I will not let the maid touch my pretty things;
I, myself will rub and polish, I will splash and scrub.

Owen Feltham in his "Brief character of the Low Countries" considers that

their houses, especially in their Cities, are the best eye beauties of their Country. For cost and sight they far exceed our English, but they want their magnificence. Their lining is yet more rich than their outside; not in hanging, but pictures, which even the poorest are furnished with. Not a cobbler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew Faire in Europe.

But into this enticing picture of costly comfort and trim cleanliness "sordid domesticity" enters:

If you go through the town [notes a traveller] you will find many houses where the husband is afraid so much as even to smell at his second-floor rooms. They always remain downstairs. Have they ever so many courtly rooms they will eat, for their wives' sake, in the small back kitchen.

These show-rooms [explains our authoress] were used only on some special occasion; otherwise they were never entered except for cleaning. This took place weekly and oftener, with special cleaning in the spring and autumn. Rooms in constant use were daily stripped and cleaned and the housewife barely allowed herself time to eat. Some enthusiastic housekeepers—although wealthy—would not allow the servants to clean their best rooms but wielded "the scrubbing-brush, rubbing towel and floor cloth." There are examples of houses where from thirty to forty pails of water were used every day, and where the servants did nothing but rub and scrub and scour from morning till night. Many of the houses were exceedingly damp in consequence, and the inmates constantly ill. Notwithstanding the ridicule the Dutch housewife suffered in books and on the stage, her mania for cleaning was so great that she cared not at all if the house was termed "hell" and the cleaners "she devils" (p. 194).

What the seventeenth-century Dutch interior was like may be seen in many of the pictures by their leading artists, several of which Mrs. Singleton reproduces, but can be still more completely realised by a careful survey of the so-called "Doll's houses"—really elaborate and highly prized models carefully carried out down to the reproduction of the least ornament or utensil.

In the Rijks Museum are several models in miniature of old Amsterdam houses. The finest one is of tortoise-shell ornamented with white metal inlay. According to tradition, Christoffel Brandt, Peter the Great's agent in Amsterdam, had this house made by order of the Czar, and it is said to have cost 20,000 guilders (£2500), and to have required five years to produce. Dating from the latter part of the seventeenth or first part of the eighteenth century it contains all the furniture that was to be found at that date in an aristocratic dwelling on the *Heeregracht* or *Keizersgracht*. Every object in it was made by the proper artisan so that it is correct in every detail (p. 175).

As time went on and wealth accumulated, sobriety of life and thrift became less marked. Richer than the French noble, the Amsterdam merchant began to emulate the latter's exuberant and palatial style of living and furnishing, so that Shaw in his "Travels through Holland" describes the newly built *Heeregracht*, still the finest street in Amsterdam, as "fronted with houses like the palaces of princes, where glittering buildings, exquisite paintings, rich china, screens, gold, pearls, diamonds, enchant you and rival the apartments of monarchs in haughty magnificence."

Different times different habits, but the spirit of Burgundian display and extravagance had found some lodgment beneath the plain black coat of the too successful burgher on Amstel's bank.

THE DOWNFALL OF PRUSSIA

Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia, 1806. By F. LORAINÉ PETRE.
With an Introduction by Lord ROBERTS. (Lane, 12s. 6d.)

THE campaign of 1806 is one of the most interesting of those undertaken by Napoleon, even if it is not one which shows the great soldier's genius to the best advantage; and it is remarkable that a full account, based on all the information available, should not have been published in English before now. It is a period in history which is conveniently adapted to the ends of political propagandists and Lord Roberts, writing in his introduction of the defeat of Prussia, draws the conclusion that

Such must ever be the fate of a nation that is indifferent to its obligations, regardless of its responsibilities, and that refuses to adapt itself to the ever-changing conditions of war. In the *débâcle* of 1806 is to be seen the "writing on the wall" in the boldest type, and all who run may read.

It is not the concern of this journal to discuss that conclusion put forward by so high an authority, but it may be stated that neither Lord Roberts nor Mr. Petre has attempted to show that the condition in which Prussia

was in 1806 is in any way analogous to that to-day occupied by Great Britain. Other writers have made other deductions. An able French writer, Commandant Thétard, has sought to show that the Prussians were defeated because they played the game of *la guerre savante—cette guerre de positions*, to which he attributes also the French downfall in 1870. If, however, the campaign is regarded from a more distant standpoint, without seeking to point the moral, it assumes a far greater interest; it appears then as one act in that great drama which was continued at Eylau, Friedland, and Tilsit, only to assume a new form at Saarbrücken in 1870. Mr. Petre confines himself, after two interesting chapters on the origin of the war and the contending armies, to the purely military aspect of his period; and so it is that the book will be read only by the few.

Jena, as one of the great Imperial battles, is the chief incident in the book. The night before the battle the opposing sentinels talked to each other, as if in peace time. In the morning the fight began in a thick fog, and went on until the arrival of Soult's artillery which, hastily called up, marched on the sound of the guns, and fired into the fog. By ten o'clock it was "un temps charmant"; the sun shining and fifes playing, the French columns marched to the attack, and on the following day a regiment of French chasseurs, which had not been engaged, was astounded to hear that a great victory had been won. It was not a brilliant affair: Napoleon was ignorant of the distribution of the enemies' forces, and left Davout exposed to Brunswick's force. The pursuit by Murat after the fight was ideal: a model for all time. Davout, however, gained the far more brilliant victory of Auerstadt; and the "little smooth-pated, unpretending man, who was never tired of waltzing," showed himself possessed of the quality of initiative which was rare among Napoleon's marshals. In the same fight too, Seruzier, known to his soldiers by the nickname "le père aux boulets," distinguished himself by a masterly movement, directed only by his own shrewd sense. In this connection comes in the famous "affaire Bernadotte," which Mr. Petre treats at great length, and about which he comes to a conclusion, not borne out by the facts, very adverse to Bernadotte. The foremost authority on all subjects dealing with the Napoleonic era has disposed more briefly of the matter, and ends his reasoned conclusion with the remark "unfortunately for Bernadotte's fame, the battle of memoir writers is more attractive and gains more currency than the prosaic facts of despatches." Mr. Petre, however, bases his opinion on despatches, as does Dr. Holland Rose, but the latter is far more convincing.

In the preface to his book Mr. Petre says that he thinks references are an object of annoyance to most readers, and for that reason he gives very few. He has a poor opinion, obviously, of students of history. Clearer maps on a larger scale, with the contending forces marked in colours, would have been a welcome addition to the book; and the extra expense might have been defrayed in part by leaving out the portraits, which, though interesting, are quite unnecessary. If a treatise on military history is to be placed in the first class, the style must be clear and the narrative not overloaded with details of secondary importance, the authorities should be quoted, and the maps must be clear and large: Mr. Petre's book fails in all these respects.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Pass. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WE know already how well Mr. White can write of those Western things which he has made his own. Of all the members of the new school of writers in America who are interpreting for us according to their abilities the various

corners of the wilderness with which they are respectively familiar, he has, perhaps, most conspicuously—with the possible exception of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts—the faculty of making the environment real to us and of reproducing for us the very atmosphere in which he moves. He impresses one as being more true than Mr. Jack London, with a measurably broader outlook than Mr. Thompson Seton, and more vigorous, more actual, than Dr. Van Dyke. There are times when one cannot help wishing that he would be a shade less conscientiously breezy in his language, for now and again he goes out of his way to pick a vulgarism where a phrase less uncouth would serve his purpose better. "A cup of hot coffee," we are told, "went to the spot." He discovers the need "to hunt the lee side of a boulder" for shelter. A man would "twine himself out the whiskey bottle." Each of these is, we are aware, a familiarly accepted Westernism; but another phrase would in each case have been equally intelligible to even the most frontier-bred of his readers, while, in the author's own mouth, and not in that of any of his characters, jarring less painfully on readers of another kind. But these are small blots on what is otherwise an entirely readable and enjoyable story. "The Pass" is not a romance, nor yet truly a book of travel. It is merely the narrative of an incident, the incident being the "opening" of Elizabeth Pass, some twelve thousand seven hundred feet high, in the Sierras, by a party consisting of three human beings, one of whom was a woman, seven horses, a mule and two dogs. Of these various characters we are given but outline sketches—even of Billy, the lady of the party—the only one with whom we get on anything like terms being Tuxana, the bull-dog—or, as we suspect that she would be called in England, bull-terrier. Tuxana is a delightful person who has three passions, the first of which is hunting and the second swinging from a gun-sack. And there comes a time when a wounded deer goes by and Tuxana

made a flying leap for the deer's throat; missed but tried the next best that offered itself. In this case the next best happened to be the deer's tail. That she did not miss. It was much better than gunny sacks. I do not doubt that in the brief moment during which Tuxana remained on *terra firma* and while her mental processes were still unconfused, a great illumination came to her of many things heretofore mysterious—of the reason for gunny sacks and why dogs delight to swing from them, and how they are intended in the scheme of things as a training and a preparation for such crises in life as this. And so Tuxana sailed away . . . The last I saw of her was as the deer jumped a log. And in her soul I knew there was deep joy.

There are charming discursions on the making of a permanent camp in the mountains, on rattlesnakes and ground-boars and other things; but the dominating personality throughout is the Pass itself, which in its grandeur and the difficulties of its passage Mr. White succeeds in making very real.

Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealanders. As furnished by their priests and chiefs. By Sir GEORGE GREY. (Routledge, 1s. net.)

THE death-bed profession of faith of a people can be made but once. And when that people is one which did not come into contact with Western ideas until it had evolved a definite social system, and had amassed the religious, ethical, and national traditions of two thousand years, crystallised in a hieratic and dynastic literature, such a profession of faith is of infinite value to the student of anthropology and comparative religion.

For this reason Sir George Grey's collection of Maori legends must always hold the first place among the records of Polynesian mythology. The story of its making is part of the romance of empire-building, a record of conscientious and dogged effort on the part of its author, even more valuable, now that the expiry of copyright has brought the book into the compass of Messrs. Routledge's admirable little Universal Library, than it was when first published.

Sir George Grey's simple and straightforward preface

tells how the collection was made; how a sense of the responsibility of a position thrust upon him suddenly at a time of storm and stress, impelled him to learn the Maori language, in order to strengthen the tie between himself and those whom he was called upon to rule; how the constant appeal by the Maori chiefs to tradition, of which his Europeanised interpreters knew nothing, led him to the study of that tradition; how the patient labour of years was destroyed by a fire; how, nothing daunted, he began at the beginning once more, and finally collected his scattered notes, the result of eight years' untiring work, translated them, and gave them to the world in the form of the present work.

Mythological research under such conditions is arduous indeed, but it is the envy of those whose task lies in seeking out the legends of long-dead civilisations. For the outcome is the record at first-hand of a path traced while the trail is still fresh, before the ashes of its camp-fires have ceased to glow. Such a record is authentic, permanent, indisputable, and of ever-growing value, while the tracker of the well-nigh obliterated trails of a remote antiquity may often live to see his patient work proved useless, his elaborate conclusions worthless, by the discoveries of others more fortunate or more imaginative than himself.

Taylor, Bastian, and Shortland, to mention but a few, have collected and analysed the legends of the Maori, but it is still the work of Grey which remains the most intimate and human record. Told without comment, the stories carry their own message, and for that very reason their resemblance to the Greek legends becomes the more apparent. Maui, the fire-getter, the Prometheus—Tangaroa, the Poseidon, Tawhaki—Odysseus, Rupe—Heracles, and the extraordinary resemblance in detail between the murder of little Hawepotiki and that of Dionysos by the Titans—all these and many other parallels are rendered the more obvious by the absence of learned comment.

Such a reprint as this is of infinitely greater value than a whole shelf-load of Omar Khayyam and Marcus Aurelius in various bindings, and Messrs. Routledge are to be congratulated upon a happy inspiration.

Presidents of the United States from Pierce to McKinley. By T. G. MARQUIS. The Nineteenth Century Series. (Chambers, 5s. net.)

FOR the sake of the good names which are associated with the Nineteenth Century Series we could wish that this particular volume was less bad. From the Preface it is to be gathered that the author conceives himself to be speaking chiefly to the youth of the United States. "It only needs the study of the lives of the Presidents," he says with a grammatical abandon which appears to be characteristic, "to see that the child of the most obscure citizen of the Union has a chance of reaching the most exalted office in the gift of his country"; and we are, or should be by this time, familiar with the fact that the American author when writing for the youth of his country commonly considers himself absolved from the necessity of being over punctilious either in his diction or in the formulation of his judgments. With such an inspiring theme in hand as the Lives of the Presidents, to be treated as ensamples for the emulation of the children of the most obscure, a slap-dash patriotism is more to be desired than thoughtfulness or literary elegance. The deplorable exhibition which the soldiers of the North made of themselves at the battle of Bull's Run, suggests to Mr. Marquis the reflection that:

Little could Europe have imagined in that hour that in a very few years American soldiers would be strong enough to drive one of the European powers from this continent and to defy any one of them to attempt to assert herself in the Americas [whereas we had supposed that the Monroe Doctrine was older than Bull's Run]. Indeed, such are now the resources of the United States and such the skill of her soldiers and her seamen that it is very doubtful if any combination of European powers could successfully sustain a war against her.

That—if Mr. Marquis will permit us for a moment to drop

into his easy style—that, we say, is the stuff to tickle 'em!

It was best [we read again] that Spain should continue to torture poor Cuba till the world was forced to recognise the justice of American interference and till the United States had reached that high state of civilisation that makes her the most worthy of all the nations to take up "the white man's burden."

Which—again with the permission of our author—we venture to call "bully." In contrast with these stirring passages, Mr. Marquis seems at times, on such commonplace topics as the actual lives of the Presidents themselves, to lack fire and to be (perhaps not unnaturally) a trifle bored with his subject. Thus he sums up the character of Benjamin Harrison:

He was never a great man in the sense in which a Gladstone, a Lincoln or a Jefferson was great, but a good man he ever was and left behind him a clean record. It was thought by many that he was cold, in fact so much so that the wags took delight in making jokes at his expense on his lack of enthusiasm, but to those who knew him best he was warm-hearted and kindly.

As the closing sentence of the peroration on the life of a man who is intended to be a beacon light of inspiration to the young men of his country, this noble if tempered eulogium strikes us as a bit flabby. We have, in fact, known books of the kind better done.

THE ETERNAL BOULEVARD

THERE is the French and the English view of the Boulevard. The average Frenchman appreciates the boulevards of Paris chiefly on account of the souvenirs which haunt them, and he has a tendency to deny that they any longer exist in strict *boulevardier* sense. *Il n'y a plus de boulevard!* is an exclamation which is constantly being uttered. When Tortoni closed his famous *glacier*, the premises of which are now occupied by a purveyor of American boots, he whispered to us, mournfully—we were just finishing his last ice—"Que voulez vous, Monsieur? Le Boulevard se meurt!" Since then the melancholy which was already settling upon the Boulevard has invaded it more and more. Its ancient cafés, with their red-plush covered benches and Cæsarian visaged waiters, have been Germanised into muddy *brasseries*, whose conduits flow with the sickliest of beers to the extinction of those joyous and mind-bracing cordials, of which one of the few survivors, the national absinthe, is now threatened with suppression by an ignorant and tyrannic legislature. The Boulevard is no longer the resort of a well-dressed and fashionable crowd. The people who regularly pace its pavements wear a look of *ennui* or disappointment. They have either nothing to do, or, having something to do (and these are plainly in the majority), lack the energy to do it. They suffer from the effects of moral decentralisation, they are without a leader or a king. The last King of the Boulevard was, if we are to believe the chroniclers of the early 'eighties, the late M. Aurélien Scholl; but even he was but the king of a caste, and of a low caste at that, the literary caste, and not king in the sense applicable to a Demidoff, a Gramont-Caderousse, or a Morny. True, the title of "king" has been more than once attributed in reliable organs of both the French and the foreign press to M. Ernest Lajeunesse, the author of the striking novel ("Le Boulevard," Paris: Bosc), which we have before us, and that he is one of the most remarkable figures upon the Boulevard all who know their Paris are well aware of; but, though his manners are sufficiently majestic and his style imperial, his kingdom has ever seemed to us to be of a phantasmagoric order, to be limited almost exclusively to the realms of *esprit*. The fact is that there are and always have been many different Boulevards, many in one, and the one that has disappeared, or has temporarily sunk out of sight, is the Boulevard which a few unquelled dandies persist in spelling with a "t." The Boulevard is eternal.

The Boulevard which M. Ernest Lajeunesse describes in his novel is the boulevard of tragedy and of tears, of sadness and of suicide, of philosophic melancholy, of sordid sorrows, of simiesque mirth, of that monstrous and manifold Bohemianism, whose shadow has darkened during the last decade all that was most typical and forcible in the life of Paris. In *Odin Howes* we have a wonderful portrait of the hapless author of "Dorian Gray," drawn with a masterly but not too kindly pen. We catch glimpses of this and that well-known poet, artist, actor, politician, swindler, courtesan, easily to be identified, but whom it would be invidious to name. Of story in the technical sense of "roman" there is little. The Jew Scosky, who is devoted to both art and finance, becomes a bankrupt in both, and, at the cynical suggestion of the Marquis d'Udène, commits suicide. The Marquis d'Udène, by the way, the wealthy and aristocratic Bohemian, who oscillates between the "Kohinoor" and the Jockey Club, whose whole existence is a grim and cruel mystification, in which he himself plays a rôle of clown, is one of the most originally conceived and admirably drawn characters in modern fiction. For Udène alone M. Lajeunesse's "Le Boulevard" is worth buying and reading. Scosky having disappeared, M. Andrée Leglise, the moralist of the story, who is obviously M. Ernest Lajeunesse himself, retires to his diminutive hotel chamber, situated on the confines of the Boulevard, and hung round with innumerable portraits and miniatures of Imperial warriors, and these in a strange discourse, scintillating as their uniforms with the purest wit of the boulevard, constellated with gems of epigrammatic philosophy, give him first a vague encouragement, and then a command to live. M. Ernest Lajeunesse has pictured to us a Paris which few foreigners know, but it is none the less terribly true to nature, though it has nothing to do with the Paris of "Trilby," and would have been disowned by Monsieur Bourget.

In "Paris" (London: Black), by Mr. and Miss Menpes, we are given, in addition to some clever illustrations in colour, the essentially English view of the French capital. Miss Menpes's text contains of course many inaccuracies which indeed could hardly have been avoided when dealing lightly and genially with so large a subject. One would have expected her to give a less fantastic account of the operations of the Hanging Committee of the Salon, but we are really grateful to her for her description of the British tourist, whose vulgar manners and attire are in so many cases not only an offence to the Frenchman, and the subject of his bitter ridicule, but a humiliation for the better-bred English. But in justice she should be reminded that the people "who go about with opera-glasses slung round their shoulders" are not English. These are the Germans.

ROWLAND STRONG.

A NEGLECTED POET

LAST week I called attention to the excellent service done by "that benign pirate," Mr. Mosher, in connection with "The Blessed Damsel." I hope readers of the ACADEMY will not think that I have got an interest in Mr. Mosher's firm or that I am paid for doing it, for I find myself obliged to refer to him again. If they do I shall not even have the consolation of being buoyed up by a sense of guilt. But really what is one to do? Here is Mr. Mosher bringing out a beautiful edition of "Underneath the Bough," a book of verses by Michael Field; and as a foreword to the book the author writes as follows:

For some years my work has been done for the "younger generation"—not yet knocking at the door, but awaited with welcome. Meanwhile readers from further England—if they will pardon my so classing them—have given me that joy of listening denied to me in my own island.

If this means, as I presume it does, that Michael Field has not been able to find even the small public which is all that any poet in this country can hope to reach in his life-time, or at any rate till he is an old man (unless he also happens to be a policeman or a man with three legs) and if it still further means, as the words seem to imply, that Michael Field has not been able to find a publisher for the volume of superb lyrics which lie before me, then I can only say that it is a disgrace to this country. Things are indeed coming to a pass when a poet of Michael Field's calibre is driven to America for a publisher and a public. (It is an open secret that the pseudonym Michael Field conceals the identity of two ladies, sisters, but as they have elected to write under the name in question I shall refer to them only by that name.) He is perhaps the greatest of our living lyric poets who are actually writing at this time. His is the real lyric gift, the gracious art that can put words on paper so that even the sight of them in type promises beauty. They are that supreme thing of art, poetry absolutely free and bird-like in its motion and yet absolutely sure and perfect in technique. Here is no poem in decasyllabic lines suddenly varied by a line in eleven syllables such as we commonly meet in the works of certain greatly and mutually advertised poets who are engaged in various movements: "The Irish movement," "the symbolist movement," and so on (and who if you call their attention to one of these lapses reply that the lapse was intentional and not the result of a bad ear for rhythm or mere carelessness, as who should say, "I always strike a few wrong notes in playing a sonata, I do it on purpose"); but here is a real free lyric like this, so free in movement as perhaps to appear irregular to those who do not understand that all freedom in art must only be within the limits of strict technical rules, and that within those limits irregularity cannot exist.

O wind, thou hast thy kingdom in the trees
And all thy royalties
Sweep through the land to-day.
It is mid June,
And thou with all thine instruments in tune,
Thine orchestra
Of heaving fields, and heavy swinging fir,
Strikest a lay
That doth rehearse
Her ancient freedom to the universe.
All other sound in awe
Repeals its law;
The bird is mute, the sea
Sucks up its waves, from rain
The burthened clouds refrain,
To listen to thee in thy leafery,
Thou unconfin'd,
Lavish, large, soothing, reflowing summer-wind!

Here is another lyric that winds over the page like a little brook through a green meadow. It is called the Halcyon:

O love, o bitter, mortal journeying
By ways that are not told!
I would not sing, no song is sweet to me
Now thou art gone:
But would, ah, would I were the halcyon,
That sea-blue bird of spring,
So should I bring
Fair sister companies of fleetest wing
To bear thee on,
Thou being old,
With an untroubled heart to carry thee
Safe o'er the ridges of the wearying sea.

That has an Elizabethan quality which is all the finer in that it is not adorned (or the reverse) by any deliberately archaistic use of language. The language of true English poetry at its best cannot help being Elizabethan. The poem might have been written by Beaumont and Fletcher, or by Ben Jonson. I will next quote "Tiger Lilies":

Lilies, are you come!
I quail before you as your bonds upswell;
It is the miracle
Of fire and sculpture in your brazen urns
That strikes me dumb—

Fire of midsummer that burns,
 And as it passes,
 Flinging rich sparkles on its own clear blaze,
 Wreathes with the wreathing tongues and rays,
 Great tiger-lilies of your deep-cleft masses!
 It is the wonder
 I am laid under
 By the firm heavens
 And overtumbling edges of your liberal leaves.

The worst of writing about poetry as good as this is that it leaves the writer nothing to say. If somebody had attacked Michael Field's poetry, or if there was any doubt about the beauty of it, it would be easier, as it is one can only point and say, "See how beautiful!" I will conclude by quoting the octave of a sonnet, "Constance":

I love her with the seasons, with the winds,
 As the stars worship, as anemones
 Shudder in secret for the sun, as bees
 Buzz round an open flower: in all kinds
 My love is perfect, and in each she finds
 Herself the goal; then why, intent to tease
 And rob her delicate spirit of its ease
 Hasten she to range me with inconstant minds?

I have referred to Mr. Mosher as a pirate, so it is only fair that I should premise that in this particular case the book is not a pirated edition: the fact is made evident by the author's preface. After all, even Freebooters have their feelings.

A. D.

THE FIELDING ANNIVERSARY

ALTHOUGH there is no great likelihood that Gibbon's flattering prophecy that "Tom Jones" would outlive the Imperial eagle of Austria will be fulfilled to the letter, the two hundredth anniversary of Henry Fielding's birth is not being allowed to pass unrecognised in England. The nation which could not resist the charm of Goldsmith's personality could scarcely be illogical enough to withhold its love from the author of "Amelia." If Squire Western became, with the decay of agriculture, no more than a name for an extinct species, if Thwackum, Blifl and Square no longer raised the flush of conscious guilt upon the cheek of the hypocrite, if Parson Adams himself were to slip from the burthened mind of an altered age, it would still be a poor patriotism that permitted the memory of Fielding, as a man, to lose the brightness of its fascination.

Voltaire attributed the success of Congreve to good company, which induced him everywhere to associate "le langage des honnêtes gens avec des actions de fripon." The words might well have been uttered of Fielding. There was every reason, however, to ignore him in France. His mind could not have thriven in a Parisian atmosphere and he could never have brought himself to tolerate that *frou-frou* of the sentiments which was all the vogue across the Channel in the eighteenth century. Where "Clarissa," "Pamela" and even "Tristram Shandy" were read and appreciated "Joseph Andrews" was given the go-by. The truth is Fielding had a radical nature; he was an iconoclast in fiction, and he was therefore excluded in silence from the literary *entente* of his day. Nor was this surprising. He was an Englishman of the most insular type—jovial, vigorous, good-natured, with a big, honest comprehensive heart, a loud laugh, a taste for a little horse-play now and then and a ruthless intolerance of airs and graces. If he wrote novels it was a foregone conclusion that they would reflect human nature, not "social tone": that they would cause ladies, who had been brought up on the pap of effeminate writers, to curl their disdainful lips as they read a chapter here and there with a bottle of salts at their tip-tilted noses; and that the author would draw an easy chair to the fireside at the beginning of each book and take the reader into his confidence in those prolegomena which charmed George Eliot.

Richardson, on the other hand, was a kindred spirit with the French. He revelled in the *sensiblerie*, which is said to have owed its origin to Madame de la Fayette. He drew his inspiration largely from France, and that country did not hesitate to show its gratitude by the sincerest flattery. He knew as well as any Frenchman how to trace a course of action to involved mental and moral motives, and could have vied with Madame de Genlis in producing complex problems in the permutations and combinations of the emotions. Sterne, too, knew how to play with hearts in a fashion that might have made a Frenchman crazy with delight, and he cultivated for his purpose the artificial sentiment which stirred the indignation of Thackeray so deeply in that scene of mourning over the dead jackass. The author of the "Sentimental Journey" had those qualities of mind that would fit any man for achieving an international friendship. He had the exuberance of a Celt and the nicety of a Gaul. No doubt Fielding, in spite of protests in "Joseph Andrews" against Marivaux and other French writers, did not decline to take a hint from the *Paysan Parvenu*; but, just as his intention of poking fun at "Pamela" was not sustained in his first novel, so his indebtedness to Marivaux, with whom he was quite unsuited by temperament to sympathise, dwindled into imperceptibility.

There was something more in Fielding's isolation. After he had elected, as he said himself, to be a hackney writer, rather than a hackney coachman, there was no choice but to take to dramatic composition at a moment when the stage was receiving an inordinate share of attention. Here again he was not disposed to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. The *Author's Farce* was a cutting censure of the publishers and of the actor managers; but although it is of interest, like much of Fielding's half-forgotten work, because it contains curious bits of autobiography, it bears no comparison with *Pasquin* and with the adaptations of Molière's *Medecin malgré lui* and *L'Avare*. It was a period of struggle for a young playwright, the heyday of whose blood was warm and did not always wait upon the judgment when there were prospects of a carousal in a tavern, of a few hours' badinage in a green-room, or when an opportunity arose for a trip to Salisbury to see the handsome and moneyed Miss Cradock, who was soon to become his wife. Apart from the extravagance which afterwards brought ruin on the youthful household at East Stour, it would never have been possible for Fielding to resign himself to country life, unless indeed he wasted his energies in growling at the follies and the blunders of the magistrate and the village politician. He had a thorough Saxon impatience of wrong-doing, unmodified by the slightest respect for convention; and when he returned to London and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple he had two characteristic objects in mind: the one to correct the unreal emotionalism and the boudoir sensibilities of the section of society that gloried in Richardson and his bevy of feminine admirers, and the other to expose the irrational views which then underlay the administration of justice. Before he had written "Joseph Andrews" he had compiled several folio volumes on the criminal law, but perhaps the earliest suggestion we are given in his novels of his opinions upon the cant and the absurdity of the whole social régime, is to be found in the scene where the only passenger in the stage coach who takes pity upon Joseph after he has been stripped and beaten by the wayside is the postillion, "a lad, who hath since been transported for robbing a hen roost."

Fielding was in favour of a reformative system of justice, and he was the first advocate of the country workhouse. He inquired into motives more than into laws; he believed in humanity rather than in heroism; he preferred naked vice to unctuous hypocrisy. "His wit [said Thackeray] is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal, like a policeman's lantern." It was his faith that there was a soft spot in most hearts from which, with but fair

encouragement, there might spring a virtue that would overpower iniquity. Tom Jones bore his punishment for poaching at the hands of Thwackum like a man, and he refused to disclose the name of his leader, Black George, but when Allworthy declared that he believed Tom to be innocent and gave him a gift to make amends, the hero's "guilt flew in his face and tears burst from his eyes." Here were two good qualities that Fielding most admired—a determination that might at any moment degenerate into obstinacy, and a tenderness that ever threatened to become an unreasoning clemency. They might be contradictory, but human life was teeming with contradictions. If there was vice, triumphant, unabashed, but not by any means uncorrected, in the poorer classes, there was reason to suspect that "the splendid palaces of the great were often no other than Newgate with the mask on." It was necessary to hurl a bolt, in the shape of "Jonathan Wild," that inimitable piece of irony mingled with the purest of comedy, which, strangely enough, appears to have been quite misunderstood by Sir Walter Scott.

Hitherto Fielding had been attacking the symbolism of Richardson and his school, the bowings and scrapings of refined obliquity, by means of writing histories not romances. He was to attempt a reaction in literature, and to promote a sane cast of thought in society just as Crabbe, in a later day, sought to overthrow the idyllic poetry by the realism that showed the darker sides of life. His endeavours to ameliorate society, however, took no very practical turn, until, during his office as a magistrate for Westminster—a position to which he had been appointed through the influence of his friend Lyttelton—he began to realise the abuses that existed in the administration of the laws, the corruption of prison officials, the venality of the Bench of justices, and the brutality of the punishments inflicted upon offenders. At this time he was engaged upon "Amelia," in the course of which he says: "I own I have been sometimes inclined to think that the office of a justice of the peace requires some knowledge of the law," and presently we find that the magistrate "perceiving that young Booth was badly dressed, was going to commit him without asking any questions." "I will confess," he writes at the bitter end—it was almost a death-bed confession—

I will confess that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both, as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush to say hath not been universally practised) and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred pounds a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than three hundred pounds, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk.

He pleaded hard for reform in capital punishment, and insisted that nothing was to be gained by exhibiting in the 'streets' "a poor wretch bound on a cart, just on the verge of eternity, all pale and trembling." If it was necessary that the felon should die, it would be decent and it would be dignified that his execution should take place in private and as soon as possible after the commission of the crime.

This side of Fielding's character is frequently overlooked. In other and wiser days, besides being a great novelist, he might have been a great statesman and a great social reformer.

ENGLAND'S SAINT GEORGE

It is probably the renewed cult of Saint Patrick during the last decade which has given rise to the endeavour, now yearly made, to resuscitate the national observance of Saint George's Day on the twenty-third of April. For some reason or other—probably a combination of many reasons—the effort has not, so far, met with much success.

For one thing, it is unlikely that a celebration which is entirely symbolic would be adopted to any great extent in a country where, as in England to-day, the great majority of the people are not in sympathy with things poetic and legendary. It is improbable that the confusion of England's Patron Saint with the rascally Bishop of Alexandria had very much to do with the neglect of Saint George's Day. The work was done before Gibbon put pen to paper.

When the deeds of Saint George ceased to be told of in ballads and chap-books, when the wondrous blending of monkish chronicle and indigenous folk-tale, of ancient British legend and chivalric romance, slowly lost its hold upon the hearts of the people—then it was that the story of Saint George and the honour of his name-day fell into the limbo of half-forgotten things. And, the continuity of a tradition once broken, the subtle links of old association once sundered, it is a task wellnigh hopeless to kindle anew the ashes of such a burnt-out fire.

Therefore it is that such compilations as the volume on "Saint George" by Mr. E. O. Gordon (Sonnenschein) attempt, in a sense, a more or less futile task. Mr. Gordon has been at great pains in collecting all available material dealing with the life and martyrdom of the soldier-saint whose name and whose glory were aforetime one with England's. He traces his career from boyhood to death with elaborate detail from such sources as exist on the subject. He quotes extensively from "Encomia" and Martyrologies, brings chapter and verse for his biographical facts, and makes a courageous attempt to prove a historical connection between the soldier of Diocletian and Roman Britain.

Interesting, however, though all this may be, the question arises whether it is not a little beside the point. No doubt, in the first place, when Cœur de Lion called upon Saint George for aid before the walls of Acre, he did really mean to invoke that very soldier-martyr over whose tomb he restored the Byzantine church built there by Constantine the Great. It would seem that the period during which the name of Saint George was enshrined in the hearts of the English, dates approximately from the time of King Richard's institution before Acre of the Companionship of Saint George, which was afterwards revived as the Order of the Garter.

Up to this time Saint George had his place in the liturgy of the early English Church; his martyrdom was chronicled by monkish writers, and he was, moreover, in a manner of speaking, the official patron of fighting men. The noteworthy fact is—and it is one upon which many writers, including Mr. Gordon, lay no stress—that the soldier-saint who appears as the true patron and pattern of English knighthood is, save in name, quite a different being from the bloodless abstraction who figures in the disgusting accounts of the early martyrologists. We notice here, also, the curious omission of any mention of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," or of the English ballads drawn from that source.

And it is in this connection that it is to be found the true explanation of the adoption of Saint George as their patron by the fighting men of England. Whether or not the dragon-slaying episode be a mere allegory of Good triumphing over Evil, one thing is certain, that it was this incident which appealed most strongly to the English imagination. The stories brought home by the Crusaders of the saint's appearance upon the walls of Acre, of his tutelage of the English army, and, above all, of his encounter with a dragon such as their own traditions spoke of, led by a natural sequence to the adoption of the saint as a valiant English Crusader, who went "Eastward Ho" like King Richard himself, and came home at last with the fair Sabra, in the good old "Jack the Giant-Killer" fashion, to live happily ever after. The martyrdom of the saint, and his Eastern origin, are not dwelt upon in the popular narratives of the Middle Ages. About the name of the soldier of Rome, whom England's soldier-king had invoked, and whom tradition linked with King Arthur and

his fellowship of the Table Round, gathered a score of other traditions and romances—like that of Bevis of Hampton, whose dragon-slaying exploit was transferred bodily to the pages of the "Seven Champions"—Bevis's sword "Morglaye" becoming "Ascalon," again showing the connection with the Crusades. In the ballads the saint becomes "an English knight," his origin being ascribed, probably by some transference of local tradition, to Coventry, whither also he brings the rescued princess after his adventures in "Egypt land."

To the English of the Holy Land, conversant as they must have been with such legendary tales as those of Bevis of Hampton or the Laidly Worm of Spindleston Haugh, the symbol of the Saint's conflict, originally, no doubt, a religious allegory, would appeal as a veritable illustration to one of these chivalric romances which fired their ambition and inspired their valour. Henceforth St. George became to them the embodiment of English manhood. His name is linked with the names of mighty men of war. He walks in a golden glory of myth and legend with King Arthur and his knights, the type and pattern of the crusading spirit, the soul of adventure and of knight-errantry. No pale, monkish saint of superhuman holiness, no martyr endowed by chroniclers with more lives than a cat—not such was that Saint George whose name was on the lips of the archers of England—whose red-cross banner took the winds of France and of Palestine—whose cult found its most elaborate expression in Spenser's "Red Crosse Knighte."

Soldier or scamp, real or legendary, it matters little to us to-day. The soldier-saint whose name was thundered by English archers over a score of throne-shaking battlefields—whose glory went hand-in-hand with the young glory of awakening England—stands to us for far greater things than these.

Honour, truth, courage, purity, such were the qualities with which the burning imagination of a fervid age endowed that embodiment of all things knightly which had stepped into the vesture of the stereotyped Saint of the calendar. It is as this ideal of a Christian knight that Saint George is matter of history. Clad in mail, as "an English knight," with the strong hands clenched on the cross-hilted sword, the steadfast eyes under level brows, with their look so strangely English, in Donatello's glorious bronze, such was the patron saint of Crécy and of Agincourt, whose name English adventurers have borne to the far corners of the earth. This perfection of manly courage and of manly prowess it was whose name was joined with the name of England—the battle-cry of chivalry, of forlorn hopes, of desperate odds, the symbol of knightly courtesy and of knightly tenderness—the eternal utterance of the youth of the world.

C. FOX SMITH.

JOSEPH GUTTERIDGE

WEAVER AND SAVANT

"THE history of the world cannot be written on a sheet of notepaper"; and in to-day's multiplicity of interests, small wonder if we have scant thought for the lives of our Darwins, Huxleys, and Carlyles. This notwithstanding, there are lesser men of whom the world can ill afford to lose sight, and one not least of these is Joseph Gutteridge—ribbon-weaver, scientist, philosopher, and author of an autobiography—"Lights and Shadows in the Life of an Artisan."

At thirteen, Gutteridge was apprenticed to a Coventry firm of ribbon-weavers. Consequently, only those unacquainted with the history of the textile industry in the Midlands will be surprised to learn that, during his life of eighty-three years, he "seldom rose above what Tom Mann would call the poverty line." More than once, indeed, he and his family narrowly escaped starvation.

Yet, at death, he left to his city several thousands of land, fresh-water, and marine shells, from all parts of the world; a considerable collection of British fossils; and a medley of other natural history specimens and curios. The whole collection was arranged with scientific precision, and each object correctly labelled. The collection was stored in cases and cabinets described as "perfect models of the joiner's art." These he himself made.

An entirely self-taught mechanic, among other things he fashioned a magneto-electrical machine, a kaleidoscope, and a batten for his loom—the last an extremely delicate and complex piece of mechanism. With the hope of solving certain religious doubts, he constructed a powerful achromatic microscope with eighth-inch, quarter-inch, and half-inch double objectives, "entirely from the raw material." The lenses he ground and polished.

In middle life he was sent to France and Switzerland as a working man delegate of the Society of Arts, to report upon European textile industries. An exhibit of Italian mosaics at the French Exhibition filled him with longing to master inlaid work, and after his return home he fashioned many beautifully inlaid articles of furniture. Another result of the visit to the French Exhibition was an essay in violin construction. For materials he secured a walnut table-top, a neglected fragment of old maple he remembered having seen in a timber yard many years before, and a piece of pine from a dismantled loom. From these odds and ends he constructed three violins, which were examined by experts and pronounced perfect, "only requiring time and usage to become valuable instruments." And, in every case, *he first made the tools needed for his work.*

Alton Locke in his attic, a-shiver half the night over Vergil and Milton, grows commonplace contrasted with the Coventry weaver fashioning his first tenon-saw from a steel stay-busk, chisels from worn-out watchmaker's files, and other tools from materials as unpromising.

With his first crude implements Gutteridge did odd jobs of carpentry and cabinet-making in his spare time, and in this manner contrived to furnish his house and purchase books. On more than one occasion, only by such work was he able to keep body and soul together.

Some of the foreign shells in Gutteridge's collection were gifts of friends who had emigrated, but for the most part they were obtained from dealers, in exchange for English specimens, or as payment for original natural history observations. Not only did this wonderful man master conchology and geology; his studies also included physics, astronomy, entomology, ornithology, botany, history; and he read much religion and philosophy.

For several years one of his children suffered from an extremely bad type of ophthalmia. When no longer able to pay a doctor, by loan and purchase he got together a collection of medical books, and succeeded in curing the disease. Incidentally, he gained a good deal of knowledge of anatomy and physiology, which was utilised for the benefit of ailing friends and neighbours. He always refused payment for his services as a healer.

During eighteen years of warfare with religious doubts, his "dragons of the mind" more than once urged him to the brink of madness. Ultimately his doubts were solved—to his own satisfaction—by *Spiritualism*. Some of the spiritualistic phenomena he gravely records as actual happenings give one furiously to suspect that the brains of the most scientific and practical may not be without their flaws. One experience recounted runs as follows: It was early spring. At the commencement of the *séance* the weather was fine, but during the sitting a snowstorm came on. The room was darkened. "I felt distinctly a soft velvety hand pushed into mine, which was closed. I grasped the hand; it melted away, and left behind two daffodils." In response to his mental wish, two flowers were deposited with his wife. "Upon turning on the gas, we saw that the flowers were wet with melted snow, and that the stems bore the appearance of having been freshly

severed. Flowers and freshly-gathered leaves were also showered upon the table in the centre of the room—fifteen or sixteen different species, covered with melted snow."

On another occasion, a glass of beer in the hand of a medium solidified, and the liquid remained congealed until the *séance* ended. Again, at the commencement of a rainstorm, the spirits suggested that no rain should fall upon or near the medium. No other member of the party escaped, but at the close of the shower the medium was perfectly dry, and around him was a circle of un-wetted earth. So, at least, says Mr. Gutteridge.

In "Lights and Shadows" are many interesting comments on events in the Three Spires City during the author's long life; and the book has many indications of what the weaver, given better education and opportunities, might have accomplished. His beautiful little description of Hearsall Common—an outskirt of Coventry—as he knew it when a boy, is well worthy of quotation:

To me it was a very paradise. I loved to stray among its gorse bushes redundant with vivid yellow blossoms. The tall strong-ribbed fronds of its brake ferns almost hid one amid their luxuriant growth; and there were great patches of broom, magnificent masses of yellow blossom, at frequent intervals about the Common. Upon the barer pieces the delicate harebell was strikingly prominent with its azure blue flower; the erica, or heath plant, with its spikes of deep purple; and the wood betony with its erect stems and light purple flowers peeped everywhere among the bushes. On the edges of these clumps of vegetation, dotted here and there, were the cruciform pale flowers of the tormentil scattered about like crosses of gold. The wild thyme, too, scented the air with its delicate fragrance.

Gutteridge's collection is to be seen at the Coventry Technical Institute, where it awaits the city's museum.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE PSYCHICAL ELEMENTS OF PROSE STYLE

ESSAYS upon style are constantly being written, but in nearly every study a very definite distinction which divides styles into two kinds is completely overlooked. That hoary saying, *Le style c'est l'homme*, which is so often quoted with unctuous approval, is only true within limits, and in a large number of cases, too many to be exceptions proving a rule, is manifestly false. It may be asserted with greater truth that matter expresses the man in a deeper sense than the style in which that matter is clothed. When matter and style are inherently and essentially one, united by a common life, then, and then only, the old adage becomes true: But how seldom is this the case? Newman and Froude wrote a fine style, but their matter could have stood without it. Is that sane, vigorous, and dignified use of the English tongue, which Newman could command, the exact expression of a mind academic, mediæval, and priestly? And if so, why is it that the singularly similar style of Froude comes from a mind and temperament so entirely dissimilar to that of Newman? These are evidently questions not to be asked. The fact is that in the styles of Newman and Froude the ornament is an ornament of the language and not of the mind: in other words, it is objective and not subjective. Every original writer has original thought and matter, and he develops a style which is more or less distinctively his own; but we seldom feel that it is essentially one with thought and matter. It is possible, for instance, to conceive the language of Henry James transferred to the matter of George Meredith, and the style of George Meredith to the matter of Henry James, if it be not heresy to say so. The idea of such a *mixtum compositum* may distress us; but would it necessarily disturb us as a realised fact? The matter is often very similar—subtle analysis of character—but there is no tinge of resemblance in style.

That is to say, in the instance chosen, as in many others, matter and style are not essentially one; they do not necessarily stand and fall together.

There are other species of style which cannot be stripped from the matter they clothe: both belong in equal measure to the mind, or soul if you will, of the writer from whom they emanate; both are intensely subjective. Of such a style it is not only true to say that the form of the words is in harmony with the thought of the man, to say that is too weak, it is the same; matter and style are not two things but one. And here, in passing, a further distinction must be kept in mind. Style may in some sense be described as ornament, and we have already distinguished between ornament of language and ornament of mind. Now in any writing it is the matter and not necessarily the language which constitutes the mind of the author. There may then be an ornament of language which is not necessarily an ornament of matter, and this is what is generally known as a good or fine style—e.g., De Quincey, Newman, Froude, Ruskin. It is possible to have a wealth of ornament of language which is not essentially ornament of matter. The former is objective, a skilled attainment: the latter is subjective and psychical. The result at which we have arrived is that style in writing may be divided into two broad classes, that in which form and matter do not necessarily cohere, and that in which they are essentially one.

Three English writers of the last century take their place as outstanding examples of the latter class. Pater, Stevenson and Lafcadio Hearn, despite the different fields they occupied and despite their wide dissimilarity of character, stand related to each other by a community of style, which immediately distinguishes itself from the writing of ordinary good English. This is not to say that the styles are absolutely alike, but that the soul is the same. What is the nature of this relationship? The question is not easy of answer in so many words, but perhaps it would be best to say that, besides fulness, beauty, and melody of sound, words are so used as to summon to the mind a deeper, a more psychic, or, if you will, spiritual feeling than the primary thought which the language superficially conveys. It would be too lengthy a process to illustrate this fact by a series of comparative examples. Any one who has read and knows these three writers will understand the suggestion we have thrown out. The same tendency is remarkably exemplified in another writer, Fiona Macleod (William Sharpe), where it appears in the form of a pervading atmosphere of weird unearthliness. But the style is there often overwrought and sometimes too ecstatic to command consistent admiration. Words are in their chiefest use, marks and signs for the conveyance of rational thought, and under this aspect their employment becomes style when used in a strong, dignified and harmonious manner, as by De Quincey, Newman, Froude; but in the case of Pater, Stevenson, Hearn, they are more than this, they vibrate with spiritual and psychic emotion. With the latter three, words are no longer merely intellectual symbols, marks of the understanding, they are sensitive living things, and endowed with soul.

Now of these three stylists of the English tongue there is one curious and common fact to be marked, one upon which perhaps not sufficient stress has hitherto been laid—the influence of French feeling and the French language. This fact is the more strange when we reflect that English and French are languages not in the least akin. Perhaps the statement is least true of Stevenson whose art in its small beginnings was largely gained by imitation of English models, but we must remember that he lived in France for some little time and possessed a capable knowledge of French literature. In Pater consciously and unconsciously there is much that is French. We can see this fact revealed in his careful study of Prosper Mérimée, his admiration of Flaubert, and his fondness for travelling in France. Hearn built the early foundations

of his style in the attempt to transfer into English without loss of atmosphere or manner the French of Theophile Gautier and Gustave Flaubert. Is there not here a suggestion which is worth noting in a consideration of the union of matter and style? French is the psychic tongue, the language of emotion, passion and sympathy. More than any other modern tongue it can express fine gradations of meaning and colour, those minutiae of differentiation which are almost spiritual in their attenuated subtlety. It is not surprising that these three English writers should have borrowed something of an atmosphere from France, though they wrote the purest English without mixture or alloy.

In the end we come back to the truth that the purest art, whether it be in the field of literature, music, painting, or sculpture is the complete and adequate embodiment in external form of psychic emotion as well as intellectual apprehension. When art in writing reaches its highest, words are not merely the rational expression of matter, they live with the soul-life of the author and are one with his matter; just as we see in a great painting not only technique and craftsmanship but the soul of the master. Pater himself has exactly enunciated all that we have tried to express:

All art constantly aspires towards the conditions of music . . . because in its ideal consummate moments the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.

FICTION

Arminel of the West. By JOHN TREVENA. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

It is twenty years since Thomas Hardy first lifted a piece of the country upon paper and called it Wessex. Since then topographical novels have become frequent, but to read those recently issued is either to shake one's head over the parlous state of rustic morality or to accuse their authors of having intentionally, for the sake of drawing lurid, sensational pictures, studied the worst and it is to be hoped the rarest side of rural life. "Arminel of the West" is of this class the latest book issued, and in comparison with it "Jude the Obscure" is innocuous, "Juicy Joe" refined, and "Celibate Sarah" an epic. If books such as these are to be had for the asking at the circulating libraries one must almost regret that the times have changed since Macaulay wrote: "The very name novel is held in horror among religious people. In decent families which do not possess extraordinary sanctity there is a strong feeling against all such works." "Arminel" is presumably Mr. Trevena's second book, the first being called "A Pixie in Petticoats," and turning from the fly-leaf to the press notices, which we are told we shall find at the end of the volume, we read that one journal considers that "a glance at any chapter is almost as good as any breeze which charges at you on the top of Hay or Yes Tor"; that another found it "decidedly a good book, full of fancy and delicate writing"; whilst a third critic considers its author "a writer who runs Mr. Baring Gould and Mr. Eden Phillpotts very close upon their own ground." It is possible, for we cannot think but that the foregoing are the true opinions of the literary reviewers of the papers in question, and that this book, "Arminel," has been hurriedly produced—we have heard of such things—that Mr. Trevena might quickly follow up the success he has ears to have made by "A Pixie in Petticoats." Touches here and there in "Arminel" show that he is alive to a refined side of human relationship, that wholesome reality of mutual interest, which, fortunately, does not allow, exclusively, of the thoughts of lovers dwelling only on the grosser side of passion: but the glimpse of the wholesome and the pleasant which he gives us is but slight, for he

in general considers his characters with an eye which sees only their evil side, one ever on the alert to catch a gleam of prurience. The one rather pleasant character in the book, Arminel herself, we are prejudiced against in the opening pages, for we are told she has just been dismissed from the school at which she was a pupil teacher, "because it was believed she had taught the children who had been committed to her charge something more than it was considered advisable they should know." There is a wretched picture of clerical life, with a vicar who is described as "a narrow-minded man and a mediæval priest at heart," but whose wife has had no less than eleven children, nine of whom, it is suggested, have in early infancy been put out of the world by the mother by the aid in each case of a wet towel. In the daughter Nona we have apparently a study in degeneracy, but Mr. Trevena leaves us with so limited an apprehension of the girl's feeling and intelligence that we are entirely callous to the evil she brings upon herself. How, indeed, can we be interested in a young woman who "took down her Bible, which was finger-marked upon those pages which are not read in churches!" In this sentence we get the key-note of the book, which is perhaps meant to be a homily against the bringing up of girls in ignorance of the natural facts of life. If Mr. John Trevena is a young man, as the dogmatic style of his writing and curious lack of reticence in it incline us to believe, we commend to him this quotation from W. E. Henley's writings: "In these days people read to be amused. They care for no passion that is not decent in itself and whose expression is not restrained."

The Imperfect Gift. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. (Murray, 6s.)

THIS book, which aims at achieving character-studies, falls far short of its aim. It is very superficial and patchy in effect. The character of Marjory, of whom so much is made, is not deeply studied; she is in reality much more the type of girl whom ambition would lead to long for an easy "martyrdom" in Holloway—after an incidental attempt to storm the "House" and a determined one to be arrested—rather than an emotional and brilliant success on the stage. We find her lacking in more than one of the essentials of an "artistic temperament." The whole book is very unequal and unfinished; the people do not live or gain the reader's sympathy, and difficulties are avoided at the expense of truth. The aunt, so worldly-minded as to approve and aid the elder sister's marriage with a drinking boor (too familiar a figure in novels of this kind) because he has money and a title, would hardly have been so easy-going about the other sister becoming an actress, certainly would have had more to say to the governess, in whose hands she left her to be "looked after," and who aided and abetted the girl in doing so, and in doing it in rather a surreptitious manner, too. Conventional relations in "real life" are not so mild about such matters! The character of beautiful elder sister, though more consistent on the whole, is hardly true. Brought up in such simple, natural surroundings, and by such a mother, it is not likely that at twenty—a very young and inexperienced twenty, too—she would have been so artificially minded. Both sisters seem rather unnatural products, and at the start are introduced to us as types which have been made as cheap as coloured postcards by the "penny novel-ette" style of fiction. The fair and perfectly featured elder sister, the dark and "strange" looking younger one whom, because she has those useful and well-worn novelette properties, a large (but, of course, well-shaped) mouth and a pale complexion, the reader is supposed to accept as more or less plain, and not to notice till the right moment that she has fine tragic eyes, and that her face has the valuable faculty of lighting up when necessary. The authoress might, at least, do much better than use such methods, for, as she occasionally strikes some truths in her hurried reading—we can hardly call it study—of character it is possible that much of her

faultiness arises from carelessness or evasion of really serious study, and not altogether from an inability to perceive; but, as it is, the book remains too careless and imperfect in workmanship to be considered as the work of an artist, and goes to swell the ranks of novels well outside the small company of those which can be called—even by a stretch of imagination—literature. But we believe that this authoress could, if she chose to work, at least cease at once to be so frankly an amateur both in manner and matter, and might, possibly, end by writing an interesting novel.

The Flying Cloud. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS is irrepressible: whether he have anything to say or not, he is instant in season and out of season. It sometimes happens, of course, that he has something to say, and then he says it in a manner of his own, which doubtless pleases those who like it. In "The Flying Cloud" he has nothing to say, and his mannerisms are more than a little tedious. Of a few trifling incidents, sufficient for a short story, he has made a book of nearly three hundred and fifty pages, the greater part of which is "padding." Whole chapters could be eliminated without the book suffering in any way, and it is hardly "playing the game" to break off in the middle of every trifling happening to insert a long, and more or less, hysterical rhapsody about a ship. The fact that each rhapsody differs in no way from every other rhapsody makes a bad thing worse. We advise Mr. Roberts to let the sea alone for a while: he will only anger her by his florid compliments, and she has already a superfluity of verbose admirers. He can do better than this, and he might do excellent work if he were content to think a little more and write a great deal less. He knows something of human nature, and even in this book his characters, when we see anything of them, have about them an air of reality. Mr. Roberts talks so much that they seldom find a chance to act: when they do he perpetually interrupts them. It is not good manners.

A Nonconformist Parson. By ROY HORNIMAN. (Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.)

ROY HORNIMAN has in him many of the qualities which go to the making of the popular novelist of to-day. He has only to develop these qualities and, skimming rapidly up the ladder and nodding condescendingly to Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, who rest placidly on the summit, he will soar upwards and join Victoria Cross in the clouds. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli will be very cross, of course; but Victoria, we feel sure, will extend an effusive welcome. We congratulate Messrs. Sisley's on having introduced into the ranks of half-a-crown-net novelists a recruit of such marked financial promise as the author of the book before us. Those of our readers who do not know the way to make the dish beloved of the fair goddess Popularity may be interested to see how the thing is done. We give the recipe. Take a village, small or large, place therein half a dozen people in particular (taking an equal number of males and females) and talk a lot about them (N.B.—Two-and-six-net novels must consist of not less than seventy thousand words and should contain more); add something about the parson (it is old-fashioned to mention the grey-haired squire); place near the fire and stir vigorously for a few months. When the ingredients are blending well, take the handsome and virtuous man from the handsome and beautiful maid and place him in the vicinity of a beautiful and not too virtuous maid (if there are none in the village, send him to London, where there are several), and record the result realistically. Add mud to taste, stir well and serve up. . . . It is essential that this dish should be placed on the goddess's table not less than seven or eight times a year. At the end of the first year send short, pithy accounts of your meals and movements to the press.

Dinevah the Beautiful. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS story begins with the word "WAR!" in capitals, and it ends with the sentence: "The woman with the violet eyes went on stabbing"; so it is soon gathered that the book is not of the drawing-room school. It deals with Northern Africa in the 'thirties, and with the adventures of Conn O'Neil, a soldier of fortune. Algiers, Egypt, and Morocco are drawn in turn with plenty of local colour, but no "journalise." For the love of the daughter of Mehemet Ali, Conn does about the meanest, most treacherous things that have ever been credited to the hero of a story. He lies, robs, murders, spies, betrays, on every hand, because Dinevah tells him to: and preserves throughout his essential faithfulness to Dinevah, while he does not hesitate twice to flirt with any other pretty girl, and while he knows the Princess to be a monster of cruelty. Indeed, although he is sketched in with an air of unconscious portrayal, he remains an interesting exposition of the Irish character, both good and bad, exaggerated in the exaggerated circumstances of his life, but in his meanest deeds not repellent, in his best heroic. In spite of faults, the book is interesting, and gives promise of better things to follow.

The Ten Years' Agreement. An Experiment in Matrimony By CONSTANCE EVAN JONES. (Nisbet, 6s.)

THIS book, dedicated without permission to Mr. George Meredith, "who startled us all a while ago by suggesting that marriages should be contracted for a period of ten years instead of for life," is a story of "incompatibility." Those who can accept the writer's characterisations of Mark Cory, a man whose "pressure of the hand—any hand—was unimpassioned tenderness itself," and Elizabeth his wife "who stepped like a queen and had views," as true to life, will probably find the story pleasant reading. Even what the French would call the *amours* of Mark, are discreetly treated, for Miss Jones has a peculiar, playful fashion of dealing with the passion. "Love," she makes one of her characters say, "was a game of 'catch-as-catch-can' and if you had a heart thrown to you by chance, better take it and make the best of it." But few verbal inaccuracies mar the pages of "The Ten Years' Agreement," which is so perfectly harmless a book that it can safely be recommended to both bachelors and maids.

The Man of the World. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

AT one and the same time a religious enthusiast and a literary artist, Antonio Fogazzaro elects to put his mission before his art. These are not the days in which a novelist with an avowed cause to further and a lesson to teach may count with safety on a wide popularity for his writings, but to this rule Fogazzaro would seem to be one of the very few exceptions. The present volume forms one of the series which began with "The Patriot," and is followed, in chronological sequence, by "The Saint." It seems almost a pity that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton were not enabled to publish the three in their proper order, but we imagine that had it not been for the great success of "The Saint" in this country and elsewhere, the translation and publication of the other two could not have been attempted with any chance of success. The Catholic reform party should feel grateful for the services of Signor Fogazzaro, the depth and earnestness of whose religious convictions underlie every line of his writings. He is so obviously and intensely in earnest with regard to the didactic side of his work that the remarkable skill he evinces in the descriptions of nature with which his work abounds, or in painting scenes wherein one realises that passion pervades the very atmosphere, appears the more wonderful, despite the inevitable loss of effect consequent on translation. As to this it must be acknowledged that Miss Prichard-Agnetti's task has been a hard one, and she has acquitted herself, if not as well as possible, at least very fairly. The

descriptive parts of the book seem to have suffered but little at her hands, though we wish fervently that she would find other words for the expression of her meaning in passages such as "she pressed her lovely form tightly to his side." The author's masterly faculty of delineating character is displayed in the studies, not only of the important personages of his story, but of household dependants and all the many minor characters of the book; especially is this emphasised in the account of the Dessalles's entertainment at the Villa Diedo. Piero Maironi is, according to a brain specialist who figures in the story, little short of a religious maniac, but with the asceticism and profundity of religious feeling inherited from his father there strive the passions and desires bequeathed to him with the peasant blood of his mother Luisa. This study of the warring of two elements, so antagonistic and so powerful, this "loving and relentless dissection of a soul," constitutes the story. Marchesa Nevé is one of Fogazzaro's finest achievements; no scene in the book is better done than her interview in the garden of the Villa Flores with Don Guiseppe. The soul of this old-fashioned, unbeautiful, middle-aged lady, with its founts of sorrow and sympathy scrupulously kept hidden, is truly "a parcel of gems in a dusty wrapper," despite her dull, disjointed conversation and all her petty domestic worryings. The translator's preface has it that Jeanne Dessalle is "poor, weak, lovable and adoring." To describe so brave and noble a spirit as poor and weak seems the height of absurdity. Although without the strengthening foundation of religious belief possessed by her lover, Jeanne is as strong, or stronger, than he. She is less a sensualist, and less an idealist.

Only a thin, silver rim of the moon's reddish globe was still shining when they once more ascended the dark terrace. In the restless air, the swaying of the roses, indistinctly heard, sounded like voices of desire and pain. The sprays, seen but indistinctly, waving from side to side, seemed like the arms of staggering blind men. As he leaned forward to turn the reclining chair towards the west, where the moon was setting, Piero brushed Jeanne's shoulder with his lips, murmuring "Dear gloom!" "But I love the light," Jeanne replied. At the same moment there flashed across his mind in a cold and fleeting light, the words: *dilexerunt tenebras*. Enough, enough! He wished he had not even thought of them. He sat down beside Jeanne and said aloud, in case any one should be listening: "Now, Signora, we can play we are astronomers," and he took her hand. "You were unjust," he murmured, "bitterly unjust, when you said there is cold purpose beneath my ardour. Never say so again!" Jeanne carried his hands to her lips.

Silence, the breath of roses, the gentle swaying of branches and human sighs, full of the ineffable.

"Is it not too cold and damp for you here?" said Piero, at last. "Would it not be better—?"

Jeanne smiled. "I think it would be better for you to leave me now, my friend."

"Good-bye, then."

"No, no!"

She herself has told him to go, and now she would not allow it. They both laughed very softly. "Yes, yes," she said, growing serious, "you must really go."

"Without a kiss? Without a single kiss?" Piero whispered, and she rose and went into the hall, he following her.

"Now I will summon the footman to accompany you to the gate," said she, and placing her finger on the button of the electric bell, she turned towards the young man, and offered him her lips.

If either of the actors in this scene shows weakness, it is not Jeanne. The priest, Don Guiseppe Flores, is said to be a portrait of the author's uncle. He and the Marchese Zenato form pleasing and restrained studies, and are sketched with unobtrusive skill. Throughout the whole story, while the ultimate purpose is nowhere lost sight of, the effect is decidedly less strained than it was in "Malombra."

The Home of Silence. By L. T. MEADE. (Sisley, 2s. 6d.)

IN Molly Dering, the heroine of "The Home of Silence," Mrs. Meade scores the one success of her story: strength of character, a mingled fire and tenderness mark her out from the ordinary run. A disgraceful secret threatens Molly's happiness, but she is proof against curiosity and firm through all opposition to her marriage with the half-English cousin. Throughout the book the bog—the

Home of Silence—exercises a gloomy influence. For the rest, the tale is slight and something of a puzzle. It may be intended for some form of Irish humour when Sir Laurence Dering, the finest gentleman in the county of Cork, exclaims, "Drat her!" when alluding to a coming guest; or "That's flat!" to emphasise a refusal. His sister, Miss Hannah, is frequently "all in a twitter," and the family generally use the language of the kitchen. Possibly this is only the author's fun and is not due to some unlucky experience or ignorance of Irish gentlefolk; few readers will find it either amusing or in good taste. Mrs. Meade has the knack of story-telling as distinct from the gift of it, and an ease that borders on slovenliness; but she knows what pleases her readers, and they will doubtless find Molly Dering and her love-story affecting and interesting.

Her Ladyship's Silence. By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. (Cassell, 6s.)

THE hero is a "millionaire peer," and he loved madly a girl he had seen for half an hour, but he was engaged to the haughty Lady Georgiana Goring. Then he got mixed up with a Soho gambling-hell, a murder, an east-end curate who was a slave to morphia, with a blind mother, and he found the girl, and she was the daughter of Lady Georgiana Goring's mother's twin-sister, who was serving a term for a forgery she had not committed. Lord Carlsford impersonated the curate, and every one took the bronzed millionaire peer for the white and trembling curate, and the new maid-of-all-work was a member of a gang of thieves who hid ropes of diamonds in the kitchen cupboard, the head of the gang being the gentleman villain, who was persecuting the lovely heroine, now living in the false curate's home. There is a great deal more than this—that is only the ground floor of this exuberant story. The most irritating thing in the book is the turn of the phrase, "he, Lord Castleford," "him, the millionaire peer," "I, an earl," which is used three times on one page; but the most impressive is decidedly the speech of the villain, whose gentlemanhood is impressed on us over and over again, when he is making unwelcome love to the shy and beautiful heroine. Says this gentleman: "Other women love me. There are women who would give all they have in the world to have me say to them what I am now saying to you—to have me ask them what I am now asking you." He is evidently what the servants call "a perfect gentleman."

FINE ART

MODERN WATER-COLOURS

IT has been laid down by a critic well acquainted with the dramatic and pictorial arts that "in all the arts all methods are right, and the only thing that matters is the amount of skill used in the practice of this method or that." The saying has an engaging air of generous profundity, and so long as it is considered in the abstract it appears to be perfectly true. Yet so soon as it is applied to a concrete case—to water-colour painting or to etching—it immediately breaks down, and we perceive that there may be "something in it, but not everything in it." Another critic has already discovered that Whistler's propositions concerning the etching hold good as regards the water-colour, which also, "though it has no reason to be petty, has no permission to be huge. Never, any more than etching itself," says Mr. Wedmore, appealing to authority, "has it been gigantic in scale in the hands of its finest and most classical practitioners." Whistler, with a modern's contempt for authority, made his appeal to the reason, asserting "that the space to be covered should always be in proper relation to the means used for covering it." Hence the "huge plate" is "an offence," and so by analogy is the immense water-colour. Experience confirms

these appeals to authority and reason. Mr. Brangwyn, an admirable painter and future glory to our decorative art, squanders his skill and strength on a huge etching as massively and unsatisfactorily constructed as might be the watch repairing of a master-blacksmith. In a huge water-colour, recently exhibited at Whitechapel, Mr. Brangwyn gave an unbecoming display of determination in another medium, and if his amount of skill—and it would be hard to find his equal among contemporary artists—cannot persuade us that the big etching and the big water-colour are things of beauty, surely then there must be wrong methods in art betraying the most skilful to unfruitful practice.

Mr. Brangwyn has not been the first to paint water-colours of undue dimensions. A greater master of the medium than he, Thomas Collier, was at times guilty of huge water-colours, in which, without changing his technique, he sacrificed his delicacy, and aiming at strength became weakly gross. Joseph Israels, who has seduced so many of our younger painters from the nobler tradition of British water-colour, has set many a bad example in scale as well as sentimentality. No, Mr. Brangwyn is not the first, and that he is not likely to be the last is sadly manifested by the current exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The Pall Mall institution does not adequately represent our best contemporary practice in water-colour, but its standard is far higher than that of the rival and junior society, and it does number among its members men of considerable talent. Many of the exhibits have meritorious and striking aspects. A great amount of skill is displayed, but despite our critic, skill is not the only thing that matters in art: there is something more potent than skill, and that is taste, the sense of what is fitting.

That there should be many pictures in Pall Mall which might be more warmly esteemed were they executed in oils, proves how small is the society's general regard for that medium it is supposed to foster and cherish. To Mr. Anning Bell's decorative panel in miniature, *Where Tarries Adonis*, to Mr. E. J. Sullivan's graceful portrait, *Poppinjay*, *Poppinjay*, to Mr. James Paterson's effectively composed landscapes high praise might then be awarded. But a piece of paper is not a suitable foundation on which to build a classical composition of Venetian opulence, or a portrait approaching life-size, or a large decorative landscape. The greatest lovers of water-colours cannot lose sight of the mortality of paper and the fact that colours are fleeting. Ambitious in subject, highly wrought in treatment, ample in its scale, a water-colour affects us as a palace built upon sand. It aspires to a permanence against its own nature, and so loses its hectic charm, a beauty snatched in passing, and withheld a little while from time.

Viewed piece by piece little fault can be found with these three painters' manipulation of their paint. The colour is laid on honestly and freshly in broad washes, showing some regard for the material and something of that transparent purity which is its great and peculiar charm. Their work fails to satisfy primarily and chiefly because it has outgrown its due proportions, and we are forced to give a certain grudging admiration to the means while deprecating the end. So Collier wrung a tribute to his larger sketches while still we infinitely preferred the smaller. But even in his most spacious moods Collier presented to us frankly a sketch, not aiming at completeness and finality. However imperceptibly it begin, a change in scale leads to a change in treatment, and works are carried further than they should be. The sketch tends to grow into a picture, it is worked upon till spontaneity is lost, wash is laid on wash, till the colour loses its purity and becomes muddy. Finally the painter loses all sense of paper and water, and thinking he has a canvas before him, he proceeds to load on body colour, till he has an opaque pavement of clotted colour, devoid of the brilliancy and quality of loaded oil pigment, and with the original chastity and delicacy of water-colour utterly soiled and

degraded. This final descent from the ethereal heights of pure water-colour—through which De Wint, Cotman and Brabazon soared—is deplorably illustrated by the lumpy surface of Mr. Hubert von Herkomer's huge and gawdy *Morenito—A Toreador of Valencia*.

It says much for the efficacy of a sound tradition that the most wholly satisfying exhibits at the Old Water-Colour Society should come from its oldest member, the veteran William Callow, whose sketches are frankly sketches, giving themselves no airs of being "as good as oils and a great deal cheaper." They may not be great, they may not be the work of a master, but they belong to a good school, a great school, whose pupils were taught to shun excess of any kind as the very devil, and to cherish simplicity, honesty and purity as the three artistic virtues. To catch a glimpse of this tradition lingering among the younger generation, it is necessary to go outside the Royal Society to Mr. Baillie's gallery, where is an exhibition of water-colours by Mr. T. L. Shoosmith, a young artist who has been beneficially influenced by Bonnington. One or two subjects and a few passages of glowing colour reveal that the influence of Brangwyn has also been at work, and if these are not unsuccessful the dead master is the safer model for a painter in water-colours. De Wint, Cotman, Bonnington, are the safest guides; for Turner and Brabazon, great as they are, lead many a novice to rush in where a more practised hand might fear to tread. And the result may be seen in Pall Mall, where imitation Turners, weakened Turners and chalky Turners are to be met with in abundance. Even Mr. D. Y. Cameron follows suit this year, splitting Turner with Velasquez, and portraying in his *The Morning Sun, Whitby*, a light approaching Venice between lances of Breda grown into scaffold poles. It is striking, far too striking for a water-colour, and like many other works had better have been executed in oils. Striking too, but in a more legitimate way are Mr. Sargent's brilliant impressions of fountains in Italian gardens. They belong to the new tradition of Brabazon in their dash and luminosity, but do not show Mr. Sargent at his best, one fountain leaping from its frame, and the texture of the other so uncertainly indicated that it might be stone, metal, or polished india-rubber. The nearest approach to a fusion of the old tradition with the new is to be found in some little impressions of town and country scenes in France by Mr. Walter Bayes. These have the old charm, the charms of simplicity, honesty and purity. That is to say, they are simply set down, honestly seen, and pure in colour. And in addition they have the new science in their high key and truth to the actual colours of sunlight and shadow. Pleasant and unpretentious they both mark the continued advance of a young painter who has long been considered more than promising, and indicate the direction in which British water-colour art may legitimately develop in the future.

CHATTER ABOUT PICTURES

ACCORDING to its pompous sub-title, "The Art of the Dresden Art Gallery" (Bell, 6s. net) purports to be "a critical survey of the Schools and Painters as represented in the Royal Collection" of Dresden, but the survey and the criticism are alike superficial. The authoress shows no qualifications for her task beyond a shallow acquaintance with the writings of more profound students of art, and her sense of proportion is such that she attaches equal weight to the pronouncements of Morelli and Mr. Frank Preston Stearns. From beginning to end there is no evidence of any personal knowledge or understanding of the art of painting, there is no lucid explanation of its virtues, no independent analysis of the peculiar charms and merits of a master. Instead we are given a dull and spiritless recital of facts, mostly irrelevant, a string of anecdotes about painters, and espe-

cially their sitters, and long-winded rhetorical passages of vapid comment.

A good example of this American lady's style is her dissertation on the *Sistine Madonna*:

When one considers his age, it seems almost incredible that a young man should have had sufficient knowledge of both worlds to paint such a flawless epitome of the Christian religion as the faces of this mother and child. But, though Raphael's life did not measure itself by scores of years, there is a truer scale of measurement. . . . What had been the mental history of the youth? Had he been taken up with watching money come and go, or had he spent his time in frivolities? No; work—the truest of all experiences had been his portion; not drudgery of work, tiring body and soul with its monotony, but buoyant, interesting, vital work, which filled his longings and satisfied his ambitions, and made him independent of companionship or environment. . . . Imagine the excitement of the youth, when, hardly twenty years old, he went to Florence—the Mecca of æsthetic dreams in his day. . . . Then came the great days in Rome, when another mightier than he was by, to give him encouragement and new ambitions—Michelangelo.

The authoress appears to forget that Michael Angelo—with Leonardo—was already at Florence when Raphael arrived, but the whole passage shows scanty knowledge of Raphael's life and character. The master of Parma affords her another opportunity to become unconsciously entertaining while striving to instruct:

Correggio was not a simple, self-made boy of humble origin, as has been thought by some. . . . he was a *protégé* of the wife of the Lord of Correggio, the cultivated Veronica Gamba. In this way the boy had the best artistic training possible to one of his ingenious temperament, surrounded by the refined delights of a small court, in one of the most select little coteries of the Renaissance.

Turning from her biographical to her critical methods we read, as an appropriate introduction to the Venetian painters, that

with the Renaissance there developed a realisation of the importance of details in pictures. Artists began to see that if their paintings were to have verisimilitude, the usual accessories of a scene must appear in the picture.

In the chapter on the French School, the works of Watteau, Lancret and Pater—bracketed together—are praised, because

they are, even when dealing with caresses and amorous frolics, absolutely pure and refined.

Of Raeburn's art we are informed that

it is not alone a question of colouring, or handling, or modelling or composition, or any of the other features which usually go to make a fine work of art. . . . The keynote to the art of Raeburn is psychic idealisation.

On the other hand, of Van Eyck's *Virgin and Child*, we are told that

the faces are so finished, so smoothed down, so painstakingly drawn, that the effect of beauty is quite lost.

These quotations will more than suffice to indicate the slender value of this compilation to the serious student of painting, and it might well have been passed over in silence were it not a characteristic example of a class of book that is being put forth in increasing numbers. The illustrations, if more interesting than the text, are poorly reproduced and insufficient in number, while it is hardly necessary to search for the imprint to discover that the book has been "electrotyped and printed" in Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think that there are not many students of Dante who will admit that the two passages in the "Paradiso" (xiii. 127; xviii. 110) are "disputed passages."

(1) Let us take the former, which may be thus rendered: "So did Sabellius and Arius and those fools who were as swords unto the scriptures in making the straight countenances crooked." This is explained by Scartazzini as meaning that the heresiarchs are like swords which distort and render ugly the features reflected on their blades. Scartazzini cites

ten commentators as agreeing with him in this interpretation, and it is the only interpretation given by Mr. Tozer. Mr. Wicksteed and Mr. Oelsner in their notes give to this explanation the first place, and so does Mr. A. J. Butler in his edition. It seems to me to be a perfectly satisfactory explanation; and at present to hold the field.

(2) The latter passage may be rendered: "He who there (in the eagle) painteth hath not one to guide him, but he himself doth guide and as coming from him we recognise that power which is the formative instinct by which birds build their nests."

Scartazzini says in his comments on this passage that the majority of commentators take "nidi" in the literal sense of "nests." Mr. Tozer takes this view, and Bianchi as well as Mr. Wicksteed and Mr. Oelsner suggest that the passage refers to the instinct of birds. See also Longfellow's notes. Your correspondent has not given any reason why we should reject an interpretation which has the support of some of the best Dante scholars.

A. L. MAYHEW.

Oxford.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Galton's principal grievance seems to be that I blame him for not explaining *Américanisme* in a book about Church and State in France, which book, he says, need not concern itself with what happens in the United States. How little he understands the real influences which are at work in the Catholic Church to-day! He wastes his own and the reader's time with an elaborate exposition of Gallicanism, that hopelessly effete and dead thing, and has nothing to say about the one living Liberal movement in French Catholicism to which, as I have already said—quoting the spirit if not absolutely the letter of the Papal Encyclical, *Testem Benevolentiae*—the name of *Américanisme* has been loosely given. Leo XIII's condemnation of *Américanisme* was as loose as its designation—so loose as to avoid a definite rupture with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland and Keane, and Bishop Spaulding, the champions then as now of *Américanisme* in the United States; and sufficiently loose to allow of Abbé Klein and Loisy remaining in the Catholic priesthood, although their influence in France, which is a living one, is just as Liberal now as ever it was, and is also a growing influence, notwithstanding the persecution which it has received from the Vatican and perhaps on account of that.

Mr. Galton asks for explanations as to my statement that it was the occult influence of the *Américanistes* which brought about the election of the present Pope, although Pius X. undoubtedly disapproves of *Américanisme*. The author of "Church and State in France" is not qualified to ask for any explanations from me as to matters of common notoriety with which, in his capacity as a historian of modern events, he ought to be perfectly familiar. But as he is confessedly ignorant of them, and I do not blame him for that—one cannot have one's cake and eat it, be the incumbent of an English vicarage and in touch with the sordid politics of the Continent—I am willing to remind him that it was primarily due to the influence of Cardinal Gibbons, acting upon the Cardinal Archbishops of Breslau and Cracow that Cardinal Rampolla was not elected Pope at the last conclave, and that the saintly but impolitic Cardinal Santo was chosen in his place. Cardinal Gibbons had not forgiven Cardinal Rampolla for the latter's attitude towards *Américanisme*, as to which he learned much during his brief sojourn at St. Sulpice when *en route* for Rome, three days before the late Pope's death.

The Rev. Mr. Galton also wishes to know whether *Américanisme* has been "technically" condemned by the Jesuits through the medium of the Index or the Inquisition. Is he seriously ignorant of the fact that the "Life of Father Hecker," which is the starting-point of *Américanisme* was placed upon the Index—though this does not demonstrate that all the principles of the modern Liberal movement in Catholicism are thereby declared to be heretical—and has he so completely forgotten the work of Abbé Houtin, to whom he pays such well deserved compliments, as not to remember that, according to this authority, which Mr. Galton estimates much higher than I do, the encyclical letter to Cardinal Gibbons mentioned above, *Testem Benevolentiae*, was directly inspired by the General of the Jesuits and Monsignor Merry del Val.

Mr. Galton complains that he is wrongfully accused of reproaching Carlyle with misestimating the importance of the *Constitution civile du Clergé*. Mr. Galton distinctly brings

this charge collectively against all the English writers on the French revolution. Surely he would not now have us believe that Carlyle was not an English historian.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

Paris.

"THIN FLAMES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an interesting article in the current ACADEMY, A. D. tells us that the beauty of the stanza of "The Blessed Damozel" which ends with the couplet,

And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames,

would have been spoiled if some other epithet had been substituted for "thin." The epithet may arrest the attention on account of its unexpectedness, but in what its splendour or perfection consists, I cannot perceive. Possibly some of your readers may be willing to enlighten me in this matter. If the couplet I have quoted is a thing of beauty I should certainly wish to be able to appreciate it so that I may treasure it in my memory with Æschylus's *ποντῶν τε κυματῶν ἀριθμὸν γέλασμα* or William Watson's fine line in his "Hymn to the Sea":

Spendthrift foaming thy soul wildly in fury away.

With regard to another point in A. D.'s article, I should like to ask: Is it a fact that "real poets never pour out words"? Certainly they have laborious days polishing their gems and they are diligent in their quest of the immortal phrase. But they have, at least at times, their hours of inspiration and intuition. How otherwise can we explain the Horatian dictum, "Poeta nascitur non fit"?

H. P. WRIGHT.

[If Mr. H. P. Wright cannot see the splendour and perfection of the epithet I can't help him. The line he quotes of Mr. Watson's does not appeal to me. All criticism is ultimately only an expression of personal opinion.—A. D.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your contributor A. D., writing of "The Blessed Damozel," quotes with enthusiasm Rossetti's "cunning skill" in selecting "thin" as a qualifying word for "flames." The choice of the adjective is, indeed, subtle and felicitous.

But Rossetti is not the only poet who has thus used the word. In Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale"—that unmatched and unmatched elegy—there occurs a splendid passage wherein our dreams, pursuing our dead, are compared to winds chasing a flying fire.

"Still and more swift than they the *thin flame* flies" is one of the lines. The "Ave atque Vale" first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in the 'sixties.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

["The Blessed Damozel" first appeared in "The Germ" in 1850.—A. D.]

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S DOG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You call Sir Isaac Newton's dog that tore his mathematical papers "Fido." Was it not called "Dandy"? (Possibly, it was a Didmont.) To a lover of dogs, as infatuated for them as against mathematics, the question has its importance, and one of your readers will perhaps most kindly rede me aright herein.

H. H. JOHNSON.

AN INQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if any of your readers could give me the source or author of the following verse:

In the pleasant orchard-closes
God bless all our gains, say we,
But may God bless all our losses,
Better suits with our degree.

I believe there is a fifth line which I cannot recall.

A. F. W.

TENNYSON'S REVISIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems almost superfluous to add anything to the delightful and appreciative criticism on "The Blessed Damozel," signed A. D., in your issue of April 13. But another

good instance of Tennyson revising without improving his verse occurs in "The Lady of Shalott":

Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

used to run:

To the planked wharfage came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

while many other stanzas of the Palace of Art were subjected to revision besides the excellent instance given by your contributor. I feel sure I am only one among many readers to whom the article has given great pleasure. It is satisfactory, too, to find Rossetti's unique position in literature and art recognised by so capable a critic.

F. S. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries. A critical catalogue with quotations from Vasari. By Maud Cruttwell. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 308. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

Mackaye, Percy. *Jeanne d'Arc.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 163. Macmillan, 5s.
Davidson, John. *The Triumph of Mammon.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 170. E. Grant Richards, 5s.

EDUCATIONAL

Morgan, R. B. *Arithmetical Exercises.* 7 x 5. Pp. 157. Black, 1s.
Gregory, J. W. *Australia.* Vol. i. 8 x 5. Pp. 657. Stanford, 15s.

FICTION

Buckson, Harvey. *The Grief of Gurney Court.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 371. Drane, 6s.
Rhoscomyl, Owen. *Sweet Rogues.* Pp. 327. 8 x 5. Duckworth, 6s.
Maxton, Clunie. *Heir to a Million.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 204. Drane, 6s.
Jones, Mary Whitmore. *Time and Tide.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 422. Drane, 6s.
Bennett, E. B. *The Leaven of the Pharisees.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 387. Drane, 6s.
De Mont-Morency, G. D. *A Memory of the Old Slave Days.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 208. Drane, 6s.
Vachell, H. A. *Her Son.* 8 x 5. Pp. 373. Murray, 6s.
Roberts, Morley. *The Flying Cloud.* 8 x 5. Pp. 344. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Applin, Arthur. *The Chorus Girl.* 8 x 5. Pp. 304. Sisley's, 2s. 6d.
Horniman, Roy. *A Nonconformist Parson.* 8 x 5. Pp. 338. Sisley's, 2s. 6d.
Auld Drainie and Brownie. By the author of "Bob Lindsay and his School." 7 x 5½. Pp. 76. Foulis, 1s. 6d.
Ridge, W. Pett. *Nearly Five Million.* 8 x 5. Pp. 279. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
O'Sullivan, Vincent. *Human Affairs.* 8 x 5. Pp. 274. Nutt, 3s. 6d.
Marriott, Charles. *The Remnant.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 309. Nash, 6s.
Greville, Lady Violet. *The Fighters.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 295. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
Syrett, Netta. *The Child of Promise.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 343. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
Popham, Florence. *A Summer Holiday.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 374. Arrowsmith, 6s.
Wharton, Edith. *Madame De Treymes.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 110. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
Lysaght, Sidney R. *One of the Grenvilles.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 490. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
Thurston, Katherine Cecil. *The Mystics.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 208. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.
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